READ "ON THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL," WHICH BEGINS NEXT WEEK

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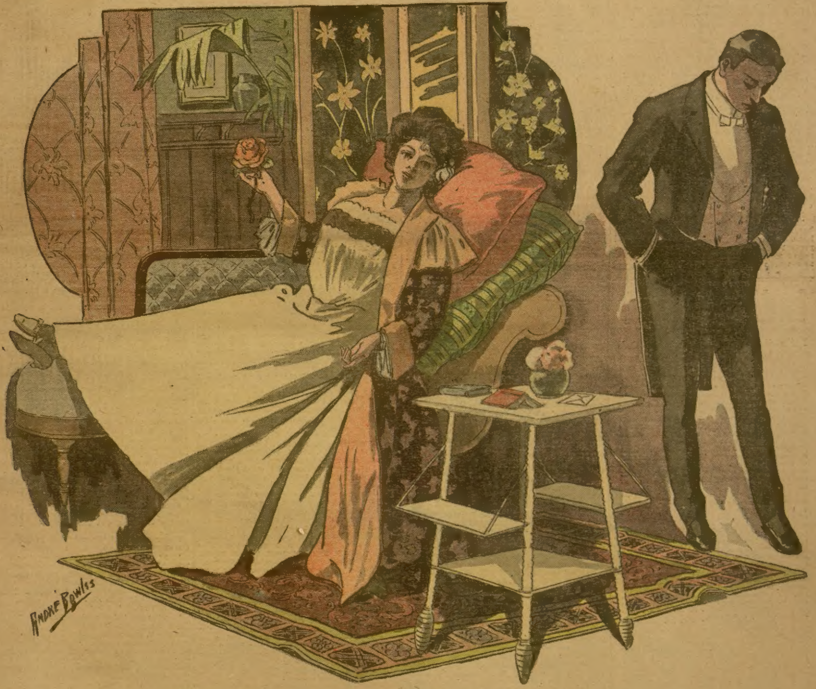
By
Constance Beatrice
Willard.

A SACRIFICIAL SECRET;

Or, The Lurid Letter of Revenge.



"This is a beautiful rose, but—nothing will turn it into a rosebud again."

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CHAPTER V.

"How powerful is the working of Love!"

It would have been difficult to think of Rosette without brilliant lights and magnificent garments. She was always surrounded with hothouse flowers, all just a trifle blighted, as she was herself. There was something in her eyes which was rather pensive for her, and she was alone, although dressed charmingly.

The perfect figure, so well rounded and exquisitely proportioned, was draped in a costly garment of filmy lace over flesh-covered satin, and rare opals glimmered as she moved. A strange orchid fell over one ear, and pale pink roses filled her rooms with a heavy perfume.

The door opened hastily and a man came toward her, saying nervously:

"Well, what is it, Rosa?"

"I want to read you a letter from Harwood," the girl said slowly.

"All right," the man answered, dropping into a chair, and turning his dark, keen-cut, nervous face toward her. Carl Carrington was his sister's best friend, and a most excellent adviser. In addition he was a keen lawyer, and had it been possible for him to have changed her character he would have done so. That not being within his realm, he stood by her, and let it be known that he was one who could avenge her if necessary.

"It came this evening," Rosa said slowly, a fold coming between her brows, "and I am worried about it."

Carl Carrington passed his hand over the thin lips.

"I'm afraid, Bessie, you are growing too fond of that man."

"I know I am."

"In the end you will be miserable. Come, I want that trip to Europe; let's take it, dear, right away," but no one would have imagined from his manner that he had brought almost every pressure to bear upon the sister, who had dragged an honorable name in the mud, many times before and to no avail.

Rosette shook her head sadly.

"Just listen Carl. First, though, do you remember my telling you of that snub Mrs. Darrow gave us?"

"Certainly."

"He and Mitchell were on their way to Portland, where I was to have joined them in a few days, and a party of us were going sailing up and down the coast. He writes stating that they came up with Mrs. Darrow's daughter, who was going to Pike's Peak with old man Searl and his wife, and the boys changed their plans. I am to come on to Colorado Springs."

"And the letter?"

"It's the end I wanted you to see. I'll read it:

"'If you were any one else I would not dare to write as I do. You remember the oath I took? I am going to carry it out. There is a chance now. Rosie, darling, that woman will shed tears of blood before I get through with my plan. Come right on here to Colorado Springs, and I'll give you full details.'"

Carl Carrington sat facing his sister, his hand shading his eyes. When she finished she asked quickly:

"Now what is your opinion?"

"About what?"

"What I have read you?"

"Why, that he is a scoundrel, and always has been."

"Carl, that isn't what I meant."

Carrington rose and came up to the lovely woman.

"Sis," he said gently, "I can remember when our little flower was the light and happiness of our home. I know when she was as sweet and pure as her namesake flower."

Rosette sighed slightly and turned her face away from his beseeching eyes.

"Is it necessary to go over all this again?" she asked, wearily.

"Yes, just this once more. If you knew how proud I was of her then, and am now—yes, I am, Rosie—you would know I am carrying about a pretty heavy burden."

Rosette rose to her feet and swept across the room to a magnificent vase from which she took at random one of the exquisite pink roses and brought it back to him.

"Carl, this is a beautiful rose, but it is fading, and nothing will turn it into a rosebud again."

"True."

"Yes. Well, you do not make the attempt—it is scarcely worth while. Neither is it here."

"But, Sis, you are a human being."

"All the more reason why I cannot be my old self again."

The man turned away with a hopeless gesture, when the sister caught his arm, and said rapidly, the words running over each other, the breath coming quick and hot:

"Carl, you have treated me like a saint, but have you entirely forgotten? No, for once I am going to speak. That little innocent flower you mention was allowed to wander about the home, neglected, taught nothing which a girl should know, expected to retain her modesty and virtue instinctively. She was lovely, and you were all proud of that; she was full of spirits, longing for some outlet, and you kept her confined at home. The boys went out into the world, had their experiences, and came back, none the worse, really improved. Still this one sister fretted away her natural girlish spirits.

"Of course temptation came her way—came before she knew what it was. Of course she fell. How could she help it? She was made of flesh and blood, with the sins of those who went before in her being.

"When it was known that she had only done what her father and brothers before her had done, how was she treated, Carl Carrington?"

"I know, dear, I know, but I have tried to atone."

"It is impossible to atone for anything. A wrong once done is done. You or I may endeavor to atone, but we can never change existing circumstances brought about by these very wrongs.

"When my father learned that his only daughter, whom he had neglected and left to seek some outlet for her affections, had sinned—for which there can be no forgiveness for a woman—although she had not brought any shame upon you, he took the frightened, trembling girl, whose every nerve was strained to its utmost tension, and, stripping her clothing from her back, flogged her upon her delicate flesh until the blood dripped down upon the floor. Some of the marks are there still, lest I forget the brand put and fastened upon me forever."

"Rosa, Ross, I did not know of this!"

"I never intended you should, but the barriers are down tonight, and you shall hear. You and Harry did not defend or protect me, and after my father had so outraged me I cared not what happened. A few words of kindness, sympathy, a little explanation—for I was only sixteen—and I would have emerged from this trouble a better woman, one who could protect herself and her name.

Indigestion?

I offer all Stomach Sufferers a Full Dollar's Worth of my Remedy Free to Try.

I can afford to offer a full dollar's worth free because mine is no ordinary remedy. Ordinary remedies treat symptoms. My remedy treats the causes that produce the symptoms. Symptom treatment must be kept up forever—as long as the cause is there. My treatment may be stopped as soon as it has removed the cause, for that is always the end of trouble.

Stomach trouble is not really a sickness, but a symptom. It is a symptom that a certain set of nerves is ailing. Not the voluntary nerves that enable you to walk and talk and act—but the automatic stomach nerves over which your mind has no control.

I have not room here to explain how these tender, tiny nerves control and operate the stomach. How worry breaks them down and causes indigestion. How misuse wears them out and causes dyspepsia. How neglect may bring on kidney, heart, and other troubles through sympathy. I have not room to explain how these nerves may be reached and strengthened and vitalized and made well by a remedy I spent thirty years in perfecting—now known by Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. I have not room to explain how this remedy, by removing the cause, puts a certain end to indigestion, belching, heartburn, insomnia, nervousness, dyspepsia. All of these things are fully explained in the book I will send you when you write.

In more than a million homes my remedy is known. It has cured stomach troubles not once, but repeatedly—over and over again. Yet you may not have heard of it—or hearing, may have delayed or doubted. So I make this offer to you, a stranger, that every possible excuse for doubt may be removed. Send me no money—make me no promise—take no risk. Simply write and ask. If you have not tried my remedy, I will send you an order on your druggist for a full dollar bottle—not a sample, but the regular standard bottle he keeps constantly on his shelves. The druggist will require no conditions. He will accept my order as cheerfully as though your dollar laid before him. He will send the bill to me.

Will you accept this opportunity to learn at my expense absolutely, how to be rid forever of all forms of stomach trouble—to be rid not only of the trouble, but of the very cause which produced it? Write today.

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Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases are often cured by a single bottle. For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

"As it was, half naked, with my blood marking my way in the snow, I was driven forth from my father's house into the street. Carl Carrington, in spite of my wrongdoing, until then I barely understood what had happened. The man who had wronged me was married. What do you suppose a child like me could do driven out into the cold night, with the snow falling upon her wounds?

"I know well my position in the world, but, although I belong to the under crust, I am a leader among my kind. Through my efforts I have made what I could of my beauty and talents. If I have brought shame upon you all, by your cruelty you have kept me in this life until it is too late for me to ever leave it."

Carrington looked at his sister tenderly, hopelessly, then asked:

"But Mowbray?"

"Do you suppose women of my stamp have no hearts? I do love him as I never thought a woman could love, and I think he loves me, but I know he will break my heart before we get through. Still, I will have known a few weeks of happiness. What I wanted to ask you was if there was any way I could keep him from taking his revenge?"

Her brother shook his head. "Mowbray is a hard, cruel man, and relentless in his treatment of women," he said slowly.

"He has been good to me, Carl, and I am going to try and keep him from soiling himself with any mean deeds, for he is worth something better than that," and, drawing aside the costly curtains, Rosette Carrington looked out at a storm which was raging, wondering where her lover was, and knowing instinctively that he was sitting by Spring's side, whispering words of strange, mystical sweetness, stirring the girlish soul to its very depths.

CHAPTER VI.

"A second lover comes to pay his tribute."

"By crawling crawfish!" Mr. Searl cried energetically, the fourth morning of their arrival at Manitou, using his favorite expletive, of which both wife and niece failed to approve. "Here we've been all this time just driving about and never reaching The Garden of the Gods."

They were all in the little park surrounding them. From where they stood, Pike's Peak was not visible, and Spring was quieter than usual. During the past few days she had been strangely excited, restless and gloriously happy, except when her eyes fell upon the forbidding height of that celebrated peak, when her cheeks would flush, her eyes glow, and her little hands flutter.

Poor Mrs. Searl wheezed as she returned to her husband to remark:

"But, Jabez, you wouldn't expect us to do any walking? I never saw such air," and she sat heavily upon one of the rustic seats.

"Suppose we go today," Orrin said hesitatingly, for he was becoming strangely humble in the presence of this dainty, lovable girl.

"Might just as well," Mr. Searl answered, tossing off another glass of water, which he professed to like but really detested.

Mowbray said nothing, but Spring supposed that his coming with them was a matter of course, so that when only one carriage came up for them she was sorely disappointed, and the bloom in her cheeks faded a little, but she was learning her lesson as a woman of the world, and so hid her misery and smiled bravely. A week ago she would have wept bitterly.

From childhood Spring had read of this wonderful resting place of the gods, and was prepared to see something very delightful. Imagine her surprise and astonishment when the carriage turned into an immense waste of country, covered with sage brush, with here and there a stunted pine tree. Great boulders of red granite loomed about, in which the driver gravely pointed out resemblances.

"If he hadn't just told me," Spring finally whispered to the others, "that rock was the Dutchman, I would have been sure it was an old darkey mammy with a huge headdress."

"I'm with you, Spring. The Three Graces to me are just so many ledges of rock."

"Where is your imagination?" Orrin cried, feeling strangely heavy of wit, and unfavorably comparing himself with Mowbray, whom he knew could have invested the trip with interest for the girl, as well as the others.

Mrs. Searl only gasped and tried to get a full breath. Poor gentle lady! this trip was proving very trying on her nerves.

The sun was dazzlingly hot. The mountains shut out every breath of air, and the grotesque rocks reflected the heat. Spring was a little dejected, but when she felt she was showing her disappointment she turned to Orrin and made his pulse quicken a good many degrees.

"Mr. Mitchell," she cried, "what is that little house there by those great pillars? The latter seem the end of this tiresome place."

"A place to get trinkets. Let us rummage."

"Delightful," was the bright answer, and while Mr. and Mrs. Searl waited for them the two young people went through the great gateway to the tiny house, where lemonade was dispensed to them at the modest price of two glasses for twenty-five cents, and Orrin loaded Spring down with every quaint article he could induce her to accept.

"Really, no more," she at last cried. "I know neither mamma nor auntie would like me to take any more. Indeed, I am sure mamma would say I must give them all back."

How dainty, pretty and winning she looked in her trim white pique suit, and white alpine hat set upon her glossy curls!

"Now, Miss Darrow!" he cried.

"Don't call me Miss Darrow. I do not like that—it is so grown-up."

"Orrin's face was very flushed, his head seemed to go around, and he said in a low tone:

"Then I may call you——"

"Spring, of course. When I come out in society it will be time enough to make a young woman of me. Now I am just a little girl," and she smiled up into his face in a way to draw the heart from any man.

Poor Orrin's heart had gone into her possession the first night he had met her, and the man of many adventures wondered to himself. However, dissipated as he had been, foremost in all kinds of pranks, he had never willingly harmed a woman. The favors he had accepted as a matter of course had either been well paid for or given from a stock already depleted.

As he stood there loking down at Spring, memories would come to him of wild orgies extending into the dawn twilight, where champagne flowed like water, and favorites of the stage danced what is fast becoming the classical cancan in the midst of the epicurean dishes; of wild frolics extending over several days, ending only when the last man sober took the others home. These and others came back to him, and shamed the man as he stood there, a perfect specimen physically, of perfect young American aristocracy, and he registered a vow that even if he could never win this one woman to him, he would try to live worthy of her esteem, and he has never broken it.

Wondering what was passing in his mind, Spring raised her eyes, to find his bent upon her in a strange, fixed manner, and she childishly cried:

"What are you thinking of?"

They were practically alone in the little shop. The owner was hunting frantically through his stock in a further corner for other curios; both Mr. and Mrs. Searl were dozing in the carriage. It was the first time that he had been alone with the girl, and Orrin took advantage of it. Holding her with his clear, honest eyes, he said earnestly:

"I have been thinking of many things. Tell me, do you think it possible for any one to atone?"

Strange that men will ask these subtle questions of girls little more than children, and hang upon their answers. What did she know about atonement, or its necessity, she whose worse sin had been the omission of some slight school task?

However, Spring could be serious, and she thought for several instants before she replied as though settling the fate of a nation:

"Yes, I do. The Sisters at the convent taught that, but of course I did not take any of their religious instruction because I am a Protestant. Still, aside from the religious side, they taught that atonement was possible. If I do something wrong and I undo the wrong, then I make atonement." How sweet and serious was the childish face!

Rosette had cried from the depths of her aching heart:

"There is no atonement. A wrong cannot be righted." She spoke from the weary experience of years of sin.

Spring, in her innocence and ignorance, decrees that there need only be the wish to right the wrong.

Alas, for her in the days to come when she realizes that a wrong committed is like a pebble thrown into the water, the ripples it creates spread on to eternity. Nothing can stop the resistless onward movement of the water.

Neither she nor Orrin were so profound that day. His face brightened at her words, and he took them for a good omen. For all that he had done wrong he would do something to compensate, and if he could win her he would make her life one long dream of happiness.

Wrapped in this delightful day-dream, he carelessly bought a great pile of useless trinkets for Mrs. Searl, and would gladly have remained there the rest of the day, but the driver, even though he were paid, objected to literally baking in the sun, and managed to awaken Mr. and Mrs. Searl, and the young people were summoned.

Mrs. Searl was genuinely pleased at her gifts, and she saw something in the young man's face which made her motherly heart ache. Some women there are by nature intended to be mothers, but who are denied that solace, and as a recompense they mother every young person within reach. Such a one was Mrs. Searl, and as she read Orrin's secret she felt like drawing his head to her breast and bidding him weep forth his future misery, for as she knew his love, so had she discovered Spring's, and she was sorry to realize that she preferred Orrin.

Conventionalities, however, govern us all, and so, instead of turning herself into a general human confessional, she joined the others in laughing and joking, and even allowed herself to be placed on a burro and have her picture taken by the great Balance Rock, which of itself is worth a visit to this Garden of the Gods.

CHAPTER VII.

"Is Love a god or devil?"

When the little party of four drove up to the Cliff House in time for luncheon that day, Mowbray stood waiting to greet them. His brows darkened as he saw Spring's hands full of Orrin's offerings. Had he been really in earnest the man could easily have disguised every expression of feeling, but it was his purpose that she see his annoyance, and that frown made Spring's heart dance with joy.

Mr. Searl was the first to speak to him, for Spring felt shy, Orrin was too absorbed in her, and Mrs. Searl was thinking of the miserable tangle Cupid was making of things. That excellent gentleman, who could see nothing unless it was right under his eyes, outside of Wall street problems, knew nothing of what was occurring, and cried to Mowbray:

"Where were you this morning? We missed you."

"Not any more than I you," was Mowbray's courteous answer. "I had some letters to attend to, which would not admit of neglect. However, I am at your service for the remainder of the day."

Orrin wished with all his heart that letters and almost anything else would hold him, but he well knew that Mowbray did just as suited him, and never consulted the tastes of others.

Spring's eyes danced, and she appeared like the child she really was, laughing and telling of the delightful morning she had enjoyed. "And, Mr. Mowbray, auntie actually rode a burro!" she cried.

"Why not?" came in smooth, even tones from the well-shaped lips, but Mrs. Searl felt there was a sneer behind them, and hated him as much as it was possible for her to do.

"Yes, we all rode, and had our pictures taken. It was such fun! And see my curios. I know mamma would not let me take them, but then, auntie, it isn't as though I were out, is it?"

"I have no objection," Mrs. Searl said, with quiet dignity which sat well upon her. "But come and dress, Spring."

As the two went into their rooms, located off the veranda, Spring whispered tenderly:

"I wish you were my mother, auntie, for then I could love you as I cannot love her."

"Spring, dear!"

"It's true enough, I do not love mamma. She is so fashionable, and proud of her wealth and position. I have often thought that Uncle Jabez was much more to be envied than papa, although——" and here she hesitated.

Her mother had early in life married a wealthy broker and gone to New York. Through his wealth and standing she had been admitted to a select circle, and had well married her three elder daughters. It had been a great disappointment to her when her brother married Altina Wilson, and she had never forgiven the gentle schoolmistress for becoming her brother's wife.

"I know, dear, I know; but then you have me, too, and you can always come to me if you need me."

"I will. If I have any secrets I will tell them to you," Spring cried, her face smiling and her eyes clear and limpid as one of the mountain streams, not realizing that there are some secrets no one can share.

In the afternoon the party went up William's Canyon to visit the Cave of the Winds, making the trip on burros. Being an accomplished horsewoman, Spring rode well, and even was able to induce her noble steed to attain something like speed, but the others nearly wore themselves out shouting and pounding at the sulky little beasts. Mr. Searl enjoyed himself as though he were sixteen, riding home the brindle cow from pasture. Mrs. Searl concealed, as best she could, her anguish and tried to deaden her conscience as she prodded her burro.

At last she confided to Orrin her belief that they all deserved prosecution by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and he promptly consoled her.

"My dear Mrs. Searl, the hides of these horrible beasts is worse than sheet iron. Nothing really penetrates it. When we beat our hardest we only jar them a bit, and do them actual service in that we stir up their inwards and save them a druggist's bill."

Spring heard him, and her girlish laugh rang out among the towering rocks, which flung back the echo, strangely altered. Mowbray whispered, as he jogged beside her:

"Laugh at something I say, my Spring, or I will feel that my place has been stolen."

The girl turned to look at the handsome face, now shadowed by what appeared heartfelt anguish. How was she to tell him that he had only sighed and loked like a funeral procession during all their rides? She could not remonstrate that she was not his Spring, because he had taken no pains to make her so, being strangely innocent and ignorant of men's guile. She did not know that an honorable man would have restrained himself until he was ready to speak openly. All she knew was that he caused her heart to beat, made her long to hear more of his strange words, and to have him say in as many words that he loved her.

Mowbray knew exactly what card to play. He did not care what she wished; he was simply carrying out his plans, come what would.

Dismounting at the entrance to the cave, Orrin whispered to Spring:

"You are going to see something very pretty,' and he flung about her dainty dress a storm cloak. Had Spring noticed particularly, she would have seen that Orrin was the one who thought of her comfort. Mowbray made love to her.

"What is it?"

"Just wait," he said quietly, and took from the hands of the guides the lamps for the party, and all hastened along with some who had gone ahead. Passing other parts of the cave, the guide in attendance upon our party took them straight to what he called the bridal chamber, and then Spring saw what had been promised her. The ladies in the group ahead removed their rain-coats, and stood dressed in airy white dresses. The gentlemen were in regulation afternoon costume. A bridal veil was thrown about the head of one of the girls, and a minister, in robes, read the wedding ceremony four hundred feet underground. As soon as the two were made man and wife, one of the girls began to sing, "Our Lamps Are Trimmed and Burning," and all joined in the chorus. Spring was strangely affected, and tears ran down her cheeks.

Later Orrin told her the story of this wedding, of which he had heard.

The summer before the two had met as strangers in that very bridal chamber, and while standing on the slippery rocks she who became the bride slipped and would have fallen had the man who became her husband not caught her in his arms. This romantic introduction was followed by an acquaintance, and terminated in the still more romantic wedding, which was timed to be exactly to the hour and minute, one year after the meeting.

"It's the loveliest thing I ever heard!" Spring cried, as, clinging to Orrin's arm, she listened to his story and peered breathlessly down depths said to be five hundred feet deep.

"Think if I should go over," she said laughingly.

Orrin felt the blood leave his heart. Never before had he felt so glad of his manly strength.

"You would leave some broken hearts behind," Mowbray said just behind them, but Orrin said nothing, although Spring had felt him start and the strength of his arm as it tightened upon her hand.

"Spring, please don't talk silly," Mrs. Searl panted.

Spring laughed at them, and fairly danced along the dangerous passages with the recklessness of youth. Death, sorrow, shame had no place in her life. They were mere words.

"I just glorify in such places," she cried.

"What a word, Spring!" Mr. Searl exclaimed.

"One of my own coining," she rippled back.

Hanging onto Orrin's arm, for she felt instinctively more at ease with him, with Mowbray at their heels, she was perfectly happy and interested in all they saw.

She was more than delighted when she managed to slip a bit of the strange stalactite into her glove, and listened with wide-open eyes at the story of the fine imposed upon the mighty John L. Sullivan when he had done the same.

The girl was equally merry when the party went over to Grand Caverns, and kept the guide busy striking pipes in the organ, which is the pride of the place. Her uncle could not tell one tune from another, and she would insist upon his guessing each one as it was played. As the guide was anything but an artist, perhaps there was some excuse for his mistaking "Home, Sweet Home" for "On Jordan's Stormy Banks," but none would admit that he deserved any mercy when he declared that the guide was giving them "The Holy City" when he was surpassing himself in "Marching Through Georgia."

As the sunny-haired girl laughed and fluttered about the gloomy caverns, with a pleasant smile for each one, none knew, save one, what tomorrow evening would bring about, or that anguish would have displaced mirth.

The greatest blessing given to humanity is failure to read the future. But for it we all would be raving maniacs.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Is love revenge, or revenge love?"

"It is months since I last saw you," a man cried, pressing his lips eagerly to those of a remarkably charming woman.

"Really, as long as that?" she cried, clasping a pair of perfect hands behind his neck, and holding back her face to smile into his.

"Really and truly."

"You are a dear, Harwood, and you see I came as fast as those old trains would bring me, and you know I detest to travel in a hurry."

"What brought you, then, if you do not like to hurry?" the man asked, kissing one finger tip after the other, and gazing with real admiration in his eyes upon the exquisite creature. Spring Darrow had never seen such an expression in his dark eyes. No one had but this woman, Rosette Carrington. In spite of her hurried trip, she was as fresh and charming as ever, and upon that torrid evening, when she received Harwood Mowbray in her suite of rooms at the Antlers at Colorado Springs, she wore a filmy Indian muslin, trimmed with priceless lace, both older than she. Her only jewels were the glimmering diamonds on her shapely hands. A soft cream rose drooped over her left ear, and there were plenty of the same about the room.

"You said I should have details here," Rosette suggested, seating herself lightly upon the arm of the chair in which he had placed himself, and lightly unruffling his hair with her delicate fingers.

"I cannot give you details tonight. I must just gaze at you," he evaded, drawing her face down to his, and Rosette, wise in her management of men, did not press her question, but smiled and let the matter rest.

Before he left, after several hours, she had heard a plan which made her bite her crimson lips to keep from screaming aloud. She longed to throw him from her arms, dearly as she loved him, to threaten every penalty if he persisted in carrying out his horribly planned revenge. However, she knew that if she could hope to prevent him she must play her part, and so she rather disappointed him by expressing but little disapprobation. During part of his most accurate description, the beauty barely stifled a yawn. She interrupted him several times to kiss him, and at last said, almost pettishly:

"Tell me all this some other time, Harwood."

The man laughed. "What shall I tell you now?"

"How beautiful I am. Just how much you love me, and that you are not going to leave me soon again," she whispered, and he naturally imagined that she had forgotten what he had told her, for which he was glad, for, after thinking it over, he decided that it would be impossible to hope for her co-operation, and if he did not have that he had better not let her know too much.

Her image was with him as he drove back to Manitou, and he resolved that as soon as his present plans were consummated he would induce her to marry him, and take her to Europe. When they returned, society was so forgiving to those in their station that his wife would be received everywhere, and the past forgotten.

With this in mind he went down into the park to take his nightcap glass of the soda water, and there saw Orrin with Spring, and for the first time he felt a qualm.

He could plan against the innocent girl, the sturdy old man who was his friend, and his worthy wife, and never pause for a moment, but when he thought of Orrin he hesitated. The two had been warm friends, as well as relations. They had stood by each other as men will, and now he saw that this man who had been more than a brother was honestly and earnestly losing his heart to the girl he had marked for his vengeance.

To his credit be it said that for a moment he hesitated, but only for a moment. Then he set his lips and laughed inwardly.

"I give up my revenge?" he asked himself, then the next moment said in his low, melting voice:

"You, Miss Spring! I had not thought that you were still up."

"It is not very late, is it?" Spring said gently. "Uncle and auntie are there," indicating the substantial figures of Mr. and Mrs. Searl on an adjoining bench.

Orrin raised his head and said quietly, although there was an undercurrent of anger in his voice:

"If it were too late for Miss Spring to be out here with me, you know I would not have had her stay here."

Harwood smiled. "Certainly," he said.

"It is late, though," Spring said hastily. "Uncle and auntie have gone to sleep; we must go in," and she awakened them and hurried her guardians off to the hotel. When they had gone Orrin said in a low tone:

"I want to talk to you a moment," and Harwood replied, "Certainly," and the two sat down, when the latter said genially:

"I suppose you want to call me down for my remark. You are just right to do it."

"Thanks," Orrin replied. "And now I want to ask a question: What are your intentions?"

"Concerning whom?"

"Spring Darrow."

"Why, Orrin, my boy, I have none. She is a dear, sweet, bright girl, but I am not in love with her, nor do I want to be. My fate is pretty well fixed, I expect. Am I standing in your way?" and no man could have spoken more sincerely.

"I hope you are not, but I am such a dull, heavy fellow beside you."

"Then you are hard hit?"

"I love her, Harwood, with all my heart," was the simple, manly answer.

"I'm glad of it," was the hearty answer. "Day after tomorrow I will go away. No, I I will go after our trip to the Peak. I'll go early tomorrow morning, of you wish."

Orrin was delighted, and cried heartily:

"No, indeed, you must not go before the trip, and I might have known that my old pal would stand by me. Say, Harwood, do you think there is any chance?" and he held out his hand half imploringly.

In next week's issue of the Ledger the reader will find the continuation of this intensely interesting story. To each subscriber we are still sending a camera or patterns free as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Bring Up the Boy to Bring Down the Game
With a STEVENS

It will make him steady of hand, cool of nerve and quick of eye—make a man of him.

Our Valuable 140-page Book—FREE

tells all about "Stevens" guns and pistols, and contains many interesting and authoritative articles on hunting, shooting, how to care for firearms, notes on sights and ammunition, etc. Send two 2-cent stamps to cover postage.

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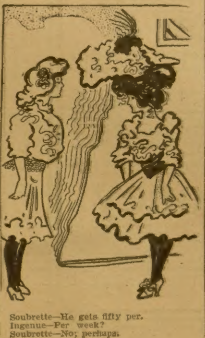
◆

His Salary.



Soubrette—He gets fifty per.
Ingenue—Per week?
Soubrette—No; perhaps.

What do YOU do after School hours
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
CHRISTMAS
The SATU EVEN PO

Every boy can turn his spare time after school hours on Friday and on Saturday into money. Every boy can earn as much as $15.00 a week or more in this way. The work is easy. No capital required to start—we supply everything necessary to make money right from the start SELLING

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

If you wish to try it, all that is necessary is to write us a letter and we will furnish ten copies of THE POST free of charge, to be sold at 5 cents each. After that whatever you require at wholesale price. We will also send you a booklet written by some of the boys telling how they work.

$250 IN CASH TO BOYS WHO DO GOOD WORK EACH MONTH

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Tells How to Live Long.

"If we must die, let old age claim each of us as its natural trophy."

With this as his text and "How to Live" as his general subject, Dr. George F. Butler, professor of therapeutics and clinical medics at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, gave to an audience of 600 people in the Public Library Building the secret of longevity. It was embodied in a number of epigrammatic sentences distributed throughout his address, and may be summed up as follows:

It has been said that it is better to be born lucky than rich, but it is in fact better to be born tough than either lucky or rich.

After 40, eat less and eliminate more. Drink more pure water and keep the peristaltic wave of prosperity constantly moving down the alimentary canal.

Many people suffer from too much business and not enough health. When such is the case they had better cut out business and society for a time, and come down to mush and milk and first principles.

Don't be foolish. Eat less and play more. Indulge in less fret and fume and more fruit and fun.

There are people too indolent to be healthy; literally, too lazy to live.

Work your brains and keep in touch with people. Do something for others and forget yourselves.

There are some people who live as a cucumber in a garden. They cling to their own vine and serve no higher end than rotundity and relish. There are others who live as a summer breeze lives in a meadow; they find out all hidden flowers and set the perfumes flying. There are others who live as in a sea shell; their existence is but a sigh. Others live as the fire in the diamond; they are all sparkle. There are others who live as the blind mole in the soil. They outnumber all the rest. They see nothing, feel nothing, know nothing to all eternity.

There is nothing so insane and detrimental to mind and health as the conversation of people on their aches and pains and troubles. The froth of whipped eggs is a tonic compared to it.

All our appetites are conditional. Enjoyment depends upon the scarcity.

A worker in any field, whose age is near either the shady or sunny side of 50, should consider himself in his prime, good for another half century of temperate, judicious work.

Let grandma wear bright ribbons and gaudy gowns if the colors become her, and let grandpa be as dudish as he pleases with flashy neckties and cheerful garb. Both will be younger for it, and, besides, it is in harmony with nature.

Gray hair is honorable; that which is dyed is an abomination before the Lord.

Cultivate thankfulness and cheerfulness. An ounce of good cheer is worth a ton of melancholy.

◆

Piles and female diseases can be cured. To prove it I will send free a package of my vegetable cure. Write Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 25, Kokomo, Ind.

◆

A Difficult Land to Reach.

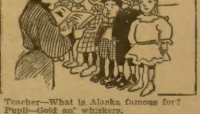
"No private vessel plies between Greenland and the rest of the world, either with passengers or cargo," writes Roger Pocock. "Of the Dundee whalers very few remain and if they happen to take fresh water on the Greenland coast, their stay is limited—a matter of hours. Ten years ago some fishing schooners of Gloucester, Mass., frequented the Greenland banks, but after a couple of seasons found that the halibut catch was not to be relied on. In 1894 the Miranda, an American steamer, attempted a cruise with tourists, but was wrecked at the gate of the first harbor she tried to leave. She foundered at sea, but one of the fishing schoners brought her people home.

"Apart from Arctic expeditions no other foreign visitors have risked a voyage for about two centuries. The whaling ships are handled by experienced men, yet the Vega was nipped recently, her people barely escaping. For Arctic expeditions one ship lost in each twenty measured the scale of risk. Fog, ice-packs, bergs, currents and death-trap reefs bar out all casual shipping on pain of death.

"There also exists an excellent international treaty, whereby most Europeans and Americans are absolutely forbidden to enter Greenland. This treaty is enforced by Denmark on behalf of her royal trade, a government department, which is trying to save and civilize the native tribes of the country. By this means alone can the Eskimo people be shielded from disease, from alcohol and from interference with the hunting on which they depend for existence."

◆

An Observer.



Teacher—What is Alaska famous for?
Pupil—Gold an' whiskers.

◆

Royalty Marries Young.

The early betrothal of the crown prince of Germany, who is now in his 22d year, accords with custom in the case of royal matches. His father, the Emperor William, also married at 22, as did the kings of Greece and Portugal. Leopold of the Belgians was only 18, the king of Roumania 20 and King Edward 21 when they entered the state of matrimony.

The emperor of Austria and the king of Denmark, however, were both 24. Royal brides, indeed, are nearly always of tender age. The late empress of Austria and the queens of Greece and Roumania were married at 16, and the late queen of the Belgians was only a year older. Queen Alexandra was 18 when when she went to make her home in England, and the future crown princess of Germany is the same age. Her prospective mother-in-law married the Emperor William at 21, which was also the age of the king of Portugal's bride.

◆

In the bones of the aged is a greater proportion of lime than in the bones of the young. This accounts for the fact that elderly persons are more liable to bone fracture than young people.

PAYING THE PENALTY; or, A MODERN LUCRETIA BORGIA

By MAJOR H. E. SCOTT

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CHAPTER X.

ANOTHER CASE OF GASTRIC INFLAMMATION.

When the family of the banker assembled at the breakfast table on the morning following the evening of the robbery of the express agent, Janette was unable to join them.

Mr. Kellogg speedily summoned Thomas, who was immediately dispatched with a note summoning Dr. Hewit, who arrived as the family were leaving the table.

Janette had directed her sister to state that she would breakfast later, that she was not seriously ill, and that it was needless to summon a physician. But she was not surprised when Dr. Hewit accompanied her father, sister and the widow into the room.

"Why, papa, I hardly expected——"

"I know, dearest, but I deemed it best to delay no longer. The patient is in your hands, doctor."

"Really, doctor," said Janette, "I hardly think you will find me ill enough to require a prescription. And yet——"

"She has been ailing for ten days, doctor," asserted Laura. "I think it is high time that she has medical attention."

"Now, Laura!"

"Oh, you know it is true, Janette."

"Little girl," said the physician, "perhaps you were afraid of some of the doctor's nauseous medicines."

"Oh, no, doctor; but I could not bear to be classed as an invalid."

"Well, let me see."

"I will await your diagnosis of the case in the library, doctor," and Mr. Kellogg passed from the room.

"Your eyes are as bright and as blue as the sky; face a little flushed; pulse too quick. Ah, you have some fever. Your tongue is clear. I see! A little soreness there. You have headache, pain in region of the heart at times, and an unusual thirst."

"Why, doctor, you have described my condition exactly."

"I thought so, my dear. Now the next thing is to dispel all of your ailments. But there is a cause for all this. Have you been eating anything not usually in your daily diet?"

"I hardly think so, doctor."

"Doctor, for a week the poor girl has eaten literally nothing."

"Why, Laura, you know Aunt Elinor has prepared me toast and tea, and goodness knows what, at least a dozen times a day."

"I have brought them to you, dear, when you felt disinclined to enter the dining-room. But I have sometimes been obliged to have Julia carry the greater part back again," observed the widow.

"And then, aunt, you have given me wine three or four times daily."

"I thought it nothing serious," said the madam, "and that the tonic effect of wine would restore you. Why, doctor, the dear girl has descended the stairs each morning until now."

"Which she should not have done," said the doctor. "However, I trust soon to have her as lively as ever. But, my dear, you must remain very quiet for at least a week. There is some inflammation—yes, considerable inflammation. I will leave prescriptions and instructions as to diet with your father."

"And I must remain in bed all that time, doctor? Oh, dear!"

"Until I see you again, at least, little miss. Good-by."

"The toast and tea and wine, doctor—you would not prescribe them?"

"No, no, madam. I think you a capital nurse. But then, not much wine until the inflammation has subsided and all soreness has left the stomach."

In the library the doctor found Mr. Kellogg.

"Well, doctor, what is the nature of Janette's illness?"

"Oh, nothing serious, nothing serious. She is suffering from a slight attack of gastric inflammation of the stomach."

"What caused it?"

"That I am unable to say. Possibly some article of her diet. I will leave two prescriptions with directions as to what food she may partake of. She should be as well as ever in a week. She needs, however, complete rest for a few days."

"I will see that your instructions are carried out to the letter. Elinor is much attached to her, and either she or Laura shall attend her constantly."

"With such nurses her days of confinement will be few. Your sister-in-law I regard as a capital nurse, and in many ways as a remarkable woman."

"She is, she is! And do you know, doctor, that on the first of September next she will become my wife?"

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Kellogg. But I am not altogether surprised. I had forseen it."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. What more natural? How—how faithfully she nursed your wife!"

Here the doctor passed one hand before his eyes as if to shut out some vision his words had caused to rise before him.

"True!" exclaimed the banker.

The physician wrote the prescriptions and the instructions, handed them to Mr. Kellogg, and a moment later had left the house.

"If I could only forget—only forget the unnecessary suffering and death of Thalia Kellogg, and my culpability in the sad case," he mused, as he walked rapidly in the direction of his buggy, "I would be a happy man!"

After the doctor had taken his departure, Mr. Kellogg again ascended the stairs to his daughter's room.

"Daughter," he said to Laura, "here are the prescriptions and instructions as to diet. I wish you would personaly step over to the drug store and have the prescriptions filled. Somehow I never did like the idea of sending a servant on an errand of that nature."

"Certainly, father."

"I do hope they will capture that highwayman and robber today, papa," said Janette, as her sister left the room.

"Oh, he will, no doubt, be captured soon, daughter, and the money, or a greater part of it, recovered. Twenty thousand dollars is too large a sum for the express company to lose. The morning papers are down in the library. A full account of the robbery is there; but I was too worried over your condition to read it; I merely glanced it over and noted that the miscreant is still at large."

"Poor papa!"

"Not 'poor papa,' dear, if you are soon restored to health. Now, good-by; the carriage is waiting for me. Good-by, Elinor."

The banker imprinted a kiss upon the lips of each and left the room.

"I will send up the papers by Julia," he called back from the hall.

"Laura!"

"Yes, father, I am just going."

"Wait; Tom can drive by the drug store and I will leave you there. I have plenty of time to get to the bank."

Once at his office, Mr. Kellogg again perused the different accounts of the robbery. Two columns of "The Journal" were occupied in rendering an account of it; but as the reader is familiar with the incidents we will not quote from the article. It was predicted, however, that the robber and highwayman would soon be captured, as the full detective force of the city was working on the case.

At 11 o'clock Mr. Kellogg walked through the alley where the crime had been committed, and over to the express office.

Passing through the alley he met perhaps a hundred men. They were coming from all directions to view the scene of the crime.

"Strange," he thought, "how the commission of a crime in a certain location will impel citizens to visit the locality. Now, the criminal himself may be one of these very men. I have heard that criminals are prone to re-visit the scenes of their crimes."

Involuntarily he found himself gazing at the countenances of those he passed.

"The agent stated that Elsworth said his asasilant resembled Earl. Strange! No, I don't know as it is—he must resemble some one. But there are none of these, at least, that resemble Earl."

Arrived at the express office, the banker found Inspector Hunt closeted with Mr. Andrews.

"Anything later than that stated in the morning papers?" he asked.

"Oh, the press flies off the handle!" said Hunt. "Those infernal reporters make me tired. You would naturally think to read their articles that they know all about it. They don't know a thing. And they do us more harm than good. They don't half know what we are doing. We try to mislead them, for they publish everything they find out and more that they don't find out.

"I can't say that we have captured the robber, but we have rounded up twenty or thirty suspects, and are looking for more. We are bound to recover the money and land that villain in Joliet. Bound to do it!"

"I hope you may. What condition is Elsworth in, Mr. Andrews?"

"I drove past his home this morning," was the reply. "His physicians found it necessary to take several stitches in his scalp, but his case is not critical. I think he will be able to report for duty in a week or two. But I will tell you one thing—no agent or collector of ours shall ever pass through an alley again with a money package, day or night, rain or shine."

"Never trust to alleys," said the inspector; "even down town there is danger in every one of them. If Elsworth had been passing along a public street where there is more travel he probably would not have been assaulted."

"And we would not be out twenty thousand dollars," said the agent.

"Oh, that will come back. But I must go and see how my instructions are being carried out."

"The inspector seems confident of success in the case," said Mr. Kellogg, as Hunt disappeared.

"Yes, such people are always confident—almost too confident. Yet he may succeed. I thought of offering a reward—a good big one—for the apprehension of the thief and the recovery of the money. In fact, I communicated with the president of the company by telegraph last night.

"He advised me not to do so at present—predicted that hundreds of innocent people would be arrested and endeavors made to fasten the crime on some one of them, guilty or not guilty. He counseled delay in the matter, and I have come to the conclusion that he was right."

"I judge he was," observed the banker.

"We will first see what Hunt and his men can do."

"I trust they may succeed in apprehending the guilty party, if they have not already done so," Mr. Kellogg said as he took his departure.

In returning to the bank he, somehow, found himself again scanning the countenances of those he passed and met.

"Why," he suddenly exclaimed, "here I am looking again for a man who resembles Earl. What folly!"

CHAPTER XI.

"TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD."

For the ten days following the robbery, Inspector Hunt knew little rest. Day and night that astute official might have been found in his private office, looking wise and examining suspects.

Fully fifty men had been apprehended and lodged within the walls of the various station houses. Some of them were old offenders and known criminals, others strangers to Chicago or men unknown to the department. Tramps? No. In those happy days antedating the Civil War, tramps and beggars were unknown to the great Northwest.

It was particularly unsafe in the days immediately following the robbery, for a man of dark, swarthy complexion, black hair and mustache, of about five feet eight inches in height and wearing a derby hat and dark sack coat, if he was a stranger in Chicago, to be found on the streets of the city, for he was forthwith apprehended.

One by one these unfortunates were brought before the doughty inspector and subjected to his routine of questioning:

"Your name?"

"Where were you between the hours of five and six on the evening of the twenty-seventh of June?"

"Where do you reside?"

"What is your vacation?"

"Have you ever been apprehended before?"

"Have you witnesses to establish the fact that you are telling the truth, and that you were in the location stated between the hours named?"

"Inspector," a policeman announced, "the outer office is full of witnesses who are waiting to prove alibis for these men."

"Was this man's person searched when he was apprehended?"

"Was his lodging-place searched?"

"Call in the witness summoned in the prisoner's behalf and the officer who apprehended him."

The parties are soon before the inspector.

"Officer Murry, you apprehended this man. Did you search him? If so, what did you find on his person?"

"A plug of tobacco, a pocket-knife, and three dollars and a half in silver."

"Does he room in the location stated, and have you searched the premises?"

"I have, but I found nothing but his clothing. Here is Mr. Evans of the firm of Evans & Browning, iron founders, summoned for the prisoner."

"Do you know this man, Mr. Evans?"

"Well, yes; he has been in my employ for the past six years. His detention here has caused me great inconvenience, as he is our shipping clerk."

"Read this statement. It embraces merely my questions to him and his answers."

"He has told you the truth in all particulars."

"Suspect released. Bring in the next one."

The employer and late prisoner depart in company, cursing the detective and the police force of Chicago in general and Inspector Hunt in particular.

Each man detained in the station was in turn brought forward and each in turn went on his way denouncing the authorities who had held him—a man, of course, above suspicion in his own mind—a "suspect."

Some few were not fortunate enough to regain release on their first examination, but at the expiration of ten days the last suspect walked the streets, a free man.

In the case of a number of them Collector Ellsworth, who had now resumed his duties, was summoned to the inspector's office, but in each case he had said:

"I do not believe that to be the man I passed on the sidewalk before entering the alley."

Inspector Hunt was a disgusted man.

"There goes the last of fifty suspects that our officers have apprehended," he said, as number fifty made his exit from the office.

"That cleans up the first batch. It appears rather discouraging. The fact is, Elsworth is unable to identify the man he passed before entering the alley. Again, if he could identify him, where is the evidence that that man committed the crime?

"Of course if we had that individual, and a search of his person or lodging-place revealed a large sum of money, we could make him account for how it came into his possession.

"There we are again. We have a schedule of the banks that issued the bills of which the collector was robbed, but not the number of a single bill. This is bound to be a difficult case to unravel." And the inspector arose quickly from his chair, twirled the ends of his silken mustache, looked wise, and sat down again as he heard the voice of Mr. Andrews in the outer office.

A moment later that gentleman was seated at the inspector's elbow.

"So the man you are looking for was not among your list of suspects, inspector?" he said.

"It seems not," observed the official. "At least none of them filled the bill to the satisfaction of Elsworth. I doubt if he could identify the man if he was confronted by him. And then, it don't follow——"

Here the inspector detailed, word for word, his musings of but a few minutes before.

"Well, what is to be your next step?" asked the agent.

"Why, we will keep on gathering in suspects. In this case there is nothing else we can do. It's like looking for a needle in a

Our Book "A Fair Customer," Mailed Free.

Kentucky's Great Whiskey

Order FULTON WHISKEY by Mail

Express Prepaid from Distiller Direct to You.

Facts—The public is frequently cheated by the reckless, extravagant claims in advertisements of many firms claiming to be distillers. We invite the most rigid investigation of these **facts**:

1. Method of distilling FULTON Whiskey. Hon. D. N. Comingore, for eight years U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, Sixth District Ky., at Covington, Ky., to whom you may write, stated after a thorough examination of our Distillery: "I found in the processes of manufacture you had adopted the very best and most approved methods for producing the highest grade Whiskey."

2. The Medicinal Properties, Purity, Maturity, Mellow, Delicious Taste, and the Agreeable Odor of FULTON Whiskey secured for it the indorsement of physicians, placed it in the wards of Municipal Hospitals and Government Hospitals, to whom we refer you, and on the sideboards of select clubs, and in the medicine chests of thousands of families.

3. Our Responsibility. We own and operate U. S. Registered Distillery No. 22, with offices and shipping warehouse located in Covington, Kentucky. We refer to First National Bank, all the Express Companies and every business house and citizen here. If not satisfied with your purchase, return at our expense, and if paid for, all your money will be refunded by next mail.

IN A PLAIN BOX

2 Gallons in Demijohns for $5. Or 4 Full Quarts $3.

We ship, all express charges prepaid, in plain boxes, two gallons fully matured FULTON Whiskey, either Rye or Bourbon, or one gallon of each, in Myers' patent glass demijohns for **$5.00.** Or, if you prefer

send no money

with your two gallon $5.00 order, as we ship on terms of 30 days to persons who will have their bank or merchants guarantee their account when ordering on these terms. We make this offer to prove the superior quality of FULTON, place it in households for medicinal purposes and evidence the above **facts.** No Minor's orders wanted. If not satisfied, return at our expense, and if paid for, all your money will be refunded by next mail. Four miniature bottles Select Reserve Fulton will be sent **FREE** to those who remit with two gallon orders.

Orders for one gallon are shipped boxed, all express charges prepaid, in four full quart bottles or our demijohn ON RECEIPT OF $3.00. Return if not satisfied, and your money will be refunded.

Address Plainly **MYERS & COMPANY,** Warehouse No. 172 COVINGTON, KY.

Orders from Colorado, Utah, Montana, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Washington, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, and California, must call for six gallons, $15 by prepaid freight. Write for express terms.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

haystack. It is worse, for it is a question whether we can identify the needle after we have found it."

"If you could find among your suspects one having a large amount of money composed of bills of the scheduled banks——"

"There our hope lies—just there."

"Yes, but if not done soon the money may be scattered to the winds. That man may be five hundred miles from Chicago before this time."

"True! But we are alive to each of these facts. We are in communication with the officials of every important city in the Union. Gambling houses, race tracks, salons and questionable resorts such as are usually frequented by criminals, are under surveillance from one end of the country to the other."

"Glad to hear that. Well, I received instructions from the president of the company this morning to offer a reward of ten thousand dollars for the apprehension and conviction of the man who assaulted Elsworth and the restoration of that package or its contents of twenty thousand dollars, to the company."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the inspector. "That is a good round sum. Fifty per cent of your loss—it will set every expert detective in the country at work. We cannot be outdone. Our department must capture that reward. But what portion of it goes for the apprehension and conviction of Elsworth's assailant if the money is not recovered?"

"Not a dollar. Our president in his communication states that as a safeguard and as a bar to an inducement on the part of unscrupulous so-called detectives—if there be such—to capture the reward even though an innocent man be convicted, the reward will be paid only on conviction of the robber and restoration of the contents of that package."

"Which will result," observed the inspector, "in very few detectives engaging in the case. But suppose the criminal is convicted and but a part of the money is recovered?"

"There also I have instructions. If the money recovered exceeds the amount of the award, the ten thousand dollars will be paid; but not otherwise."

"You need have no fear of unscrupulous detectives convicting an innocent man by reason of any incentive they will receive from the conditions under which the reward is to be paid, certainly," remarked Hunt.

"But there are those——"

"Oh, yes, plenty of them. They are mostly these private detectives—these dime-novel sleuths. Yes, sir, they would convict their grandmothers for reward enough. But our force is composed of better timber."

"We are aware of that, inspector," said Mr. Andrews; "but our object is to offer no incentive to the class you have named."

"I see."

"Our proclamation will appear in the journals of all our largest cities, as well as in some of the European papers. We are also getting out a few thousand handbills, and would like your assistance in——"

"I see," said Hunt. "Send over a bunch and I will have my secretary mail them to the chiefs of various departments in this country and Europe."

"Thanks; that is what I would have requested. Good-day."

After his visitor had departed, the inspector leaned back in his chair, and the expression that fell from his lips was this:

"Well, I'll be d——d! The old skate didn't think of asking my advice. Ha! ha! There is not only no incentive for crooked detectives, but there is no incentive for our department. We are no cheap skates. I should say not."

At 4 p. m. a messenger from the express office laid a package on the desk of the inspector, and with the words, "Those reward posters," took his departure.

Hunt soon had one of them spread out before him, which he read aloud for the benefit of several detectives he had been consulting with when the messenger arrived.

"TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD!

"The Union Express Company will pay the above-named sum for the apprehension and conviction of the robber, or robbers, who, between 4:35 and 4:45 p. m., on Tuesday, June 27, 1855, assaulted and robbed Collector Elsworth, of their service, of a money package containing $20,000.

"Said money was in State bank bills in denominations ranging from $5 to $100. The bills were put up in $1,000 packages, each package encircled by the ordinary paper slip, which, besides the $1,000 mark, bore the letters 'L. T.,' the same being the initials of Lawrence Terry, the cashier of the Northwestern Bank, from whom our collector had, at 4:35 p. m., received the money. The twenty $1,000 packages were embraced in one and it bore on its surface the words: 'Central Bank, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.' The assault and robbery took place in the alley between Randolph and Washington streets.

"The above reward will be paid only on condition that the $20,000 be recovered and returned to the company, or a sum exceeding 50 per cent of the same.

"For the conviction of no supposed criminal will the Union Express pay one dollar.

"A schedule of the banks of issue of the bills making up the package can be had at our office.

"The only clue as to the perpetrator, or perpetrators, of the crime, so far as we are aware, is that, on returning from the Northwestern Bank to the Union Express office, with the package in his possession, Collector Elsworth passed, on the sidewalk, just before entering the alley where the robbery was committed, a man of dark, swarthy complexion, black hair and mustache, about five feet eight inches in height, and wearing a derby hat and a dark sack coat. Our collector might not be able to identify this man, as it was a dark, rainy evening, and he was carrying an umbrella, which he tilted forward as he noticed that he was observed.

"This man also carried a cane. It is the belief of the collector that this cane was loaded; that this man stole up behind him in the alley and struck the blow the effects of which rendered him unconscious and an easy victim.

"A. B. Douglass, President Union Express.

"Jacob Andrews, Chicago Agent."

To the above proclamation of reward there was added in the Chicago newspapers' reward announcements, these words:

"Mr. Elsworth, our collector, states that the man he observed on the walk before entering the alley, bore a marked resemblance to the teller of the Northwestern Bank, Earl Kellogg, a nephew of President Kellogg, a worthy young man in all respects, and who, at the time of the robbery, was at his desk in the bank. It was this resemblance that impressed the collector sufficiently to attract his attention. He states, however, that this man appeared to be all of forty years of age, while the teller is a much younger man."

"There you are, boys!" exclaimed the inspector. "Now there is an incentive for you, surely. What do you say, Roan?"

"Say? Why, the company will never be called upon to pay that reward. Of course there is a possibility that we may corral the right man and recover some of the money, but we will have the field to ourselves. No private detective would touch the case on those terms. What do you say, Goss?"

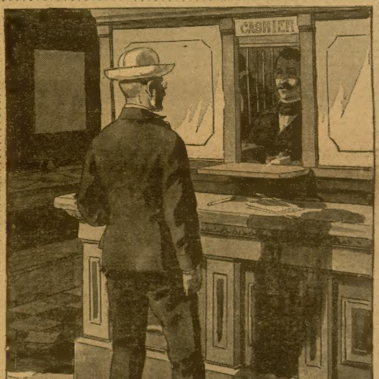
"I have run in ten men on the case and made enemies enough. Of course I want to earn my eighty dollars a month, but I am not blowing in money on uncertainties. That chap has skipped from Chicago, in my opinion, or we have had him in here and released him. If we had the numbers of some of those bills we could do something; but——"

"If we ever capture the man under the conditions," said the inspector, "it will be because of future developments that we cannot foresee. Keep your eyes about you, but bring no more men here unless you find a good round sum of money in their possession and they are unable to account satisfactorily as to how they became possessed of it. Pay out no more carfare on the case. There is nothing in it. If anything comes your way, well and good. Andrews' proclamation has knocked the bottom out of the whole business."

"If the reward had been offered for the conviction of the criminal without stipulating that the funds must be recovered," said Officer Roan, "we would have the man in a week, and send him down next court."

"Sure thing!" exclaimed Goss. "Send some one down and whack up on the reward."

"Get out of this," said the inspector. "Go on, you are only joking. But the next man you find that resembles the young bank teller, fathom his financial condition before you lock him up."



"Are you a detective, sir?"

CHAPTER XII.

THE MAN IN BLUE.

At the banker's residence there was no little uneasiness felt and displayed over the continued ill health of Janette.

She had apparently rallied under the doctor's treatment, and in a week's time had been able to descend the stairs to the parlor; but two days later she was a greater sufferer than she had been before the physician had been called.

"I declare," the doctor had said, "this is a stubborn case. It has assumed a chronic condition, and I will have to watch it more closely."

"Do you regard my daughter as being in a critical condition?" Mr. Kellogg asked.

"Oh, no, not in a critical condition; but the malady should have yielded to treatment readily. It seemingly did, in fact; yet the improvement was only temporary. I think, Mr. Kellogg, that Janette has been suffering from her ailment for a longer time than you were aware of."

"Doubtless. She liked not the idea of being an invalid. Spare no time or expense, doctor."

"We will soon have her out, I trust," the physician had stated. "And yet," he muttered to himself while leaving the house, "I hardly understand it. The usual remedies, the best of attention, no apparent cause, and her condition not improved an iota."

The affairs of the bank were progressing as usual, though its president, after the seeming relapse of Janette, devoted less of his time to that institution.

The officers of the bank, after the appearance of the reward proclamation of the Union Express Company, were subjected to one annoyance of considerable magnitude—particularly was this the case with the young teller.

Many would-be detectives, and doubtless others led by curiosity, daily visited the bank for the sole purpose of obtaining a glance at the features of Earl Kellogg; some, in fact, gazed so intently at the young man that he became nervous and greatly annoyed.

"Their idea must be," said Terry, "to impress your features indelibly upon their brains before they go searching round the globe for your counterpart."

"It is very annoying," Earl said. "I wish that thief had resembled some one else. I imagine that was fancy on the part of Elsworth. Why, he stated that that man was forty years of age at least."

"Yet in form and features he might resemble you," observed Terry. "I should pay no attention to them. Let them gaze their fill. In a week's time there will be no more of it."

"I wish they would repair to the express office and haunt that," said Earl.

"Doubtless that is also receiving attention. But, Earl, I doubt if the mystery attending that robbery is ever cleared up."

"I fail to see how it can be," said Earl. "The robber would hardly remain in this locality. He probably left the city immediately after committing the crime."

"He may be on the ocean now," remarked the cashier. "That money no one can trace. He has twenty thousand dollars in cash, and will be satisfied to settle down far from the shores of America."

"Yes," said the teller, with a quiet smile, "that villain has twenty thousand in good, sound cash, and I believe he is safe. It was a bold stroke, though."

"It was; but everything favored the scoundrel. He had undoubtedly spotted Elsworth and was watching for an opportunity. The rain on the evening of the 27th kept people off the streets, and when he saw the collector enter the bank he realized that his opportunity had arrived. It was an easy matter for him to leave the alley without attracting attention."

"True, there was none on the street to observe him."

The 9th of July, at near the closing hour, a gentleman entered the door of the bank and approached the window of the cashier.

This man bore the appearance of being an individual of some importance, or at least of one believing himself to be of some importance.

He was something less than six feet in height. As he walked forward he seemed as straight as an arrow, and his step was both quick and firm.

A pair of gold-rimmed spectacles rested across the bridge of a rather prominent nose, and his face was beardless.

A light Panama sat easily on his head. There was hardly enough of his close-cut hair to have enabled a close observer to state its color.

He was dressed in a suit of navy blue that seemed to fit exactly his attractive figure.

The cashier glanced up as he approached the window.

"Could I see Mr. Kellogg, the president of the bank?" he asked.

"Not tonight, sir, unless you visit his home. He left the bank an hour since. Is your business with him especially?"

"I called to inquire if there were not marks by which some of those bills stolen on the evening of June 27 might be identified—if you had a record of the numbers fo the bills. It is not material that I see the president. In fact you, yourself, or the teller, doubtless could inform me."

"Are you a detective, sir?"

"Not a Chicago detective, but the work is in my line. I was attracted by the express company's offered reward, and thought I would endeavor to earn it. I want nothing to do with the Chicago force. I have my own methods and shall follow them. I am satisfied with the terms of the offer if——"

"I understand—if any of the bills can be identified. Unfortunately we would be unable to identify a single bill that went to make up that package."

"Well, well!"

"True, we have a schedule of the banks of issue, but not of the bill numbers. Nor was there a marked bill of any description, to my knowledge."

"The package was made up——"

"By myself, the company's collector standing where you now stand as I ran over the bills."

"Will you kindly furnish me a copy of of your schedule of the bank issues that made up that package?"

"Certainly. Here is a correct copy. I hope it may be of aid to you."

"Why did you schedule those bills and not schedule the bill numbers?"

"We always schedule the banks of issue in making up money packages for shipment by express. You see, in these wildcat times, it is a matter of protection to the bank. The worthless bills of no defunct institution, nor of one trembling on the verge of bankruptcy, can come back to us. You understand?"

"By—yes, I understand. But—but—pray, who was present aside from yourself and the teller when this package was made up?"

"The teller, Mr. Earl Kellogg, Banker Kellogg's nephew, was standing here at my elbow as he now does. The bookkeeper was stationed at his desk where you see him.

[Continued on page thirteen.]

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The Czar wants his people to "stand by him"—but not too close.

And the salary that is paid to Colorado's various governors is $5,000 a year.

So far as the Russians are concerned the yellow peril has become a yellow calamity.

Japan may have some trouble in feeding its prisoners. They are partial to meat and vodka.

Harbin may as well tidy up things a bit, for it is liable to have company most any day.

There is a formidable job ahead of the Czar if he expects to court-martial all his generals.

Where is the necessity for a drug trust? Are not the prices of drugs already high enough?

The latest Paris edict is that women must be thin. It must have been ordered by a majority vote.

Oyama and Roosevelt are probably the two greatest living bear hunters, if they do work on different lines.

Japan wants to be generous, but it has not yet had a photograph taken of itself giving up Port Arthur.

No other country has ever gone so far from home in search of trouble and found it in such abundance as Russia has.

After going to all the trouble of electing two governors Colorado is satisfied with one that it did not think of electing.

The tobacco trust has the honor to report that its net profits last year were over $22,000,000. Smoke up with the tobacco trust.

The President's forthcoming trip to Texas is understood to be for the purpose of reducing his weight and the visible supply of bears.

Castro's lieutenant wants to invade the United States with 30,000 men. Why 30,000? Thirty would achieve exactly the same general results.

The California Legislature has killed the bill prohibiting prize fights in that State. San Francisco, therefore, feels that it has several more good fights in it.

Chicago banks have more money on deposit than they ever had before, but what good does that do Cassie when they will not let her out even for an airing?

It is now proposed that we chloroform those who are unfit to be parents. Say, there must be a chloroform trust with a smooth press agent hanging around somewhere.

Probably there never was a military movement that achieved a more astounding success than that of General Kuropatkin when he started northward for the purpose of luring on those Japanese generals.

Back from the Dead

OR

THE BIRTHMARK OF BLOOD.

By J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS.

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Begun in No. 6, Feb. 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When Ellen and Howard parted for the night their plans for the future were made. They would slip from the cabin before morning and make their silent way to the Doggetts', carrying the sleeping boy. They would hire the two horses and hurry to Mope Point as fast as the rough road would permit. A train left the station between seven and eight. They would go to some obscure town in Arkansas and there live as brother and sister. As soon as Ellen was well settled and had found some employment for the support of herself and her boy, Howard would go away and try and lose himself from all who knew him. Ellen made no objection to this course. She had come to recognize the truth that she and Howard must live apart.

She did not undress, nor light her feeble lamp. West was soon asleep, but she lay wide awake, staring into the darkness. She was thinking that her wilderness-life was soon to end, that its sorrows and its labor, nay its pleasures and its hopes, were over. She had not realized how much it meant to live near Howard, and when she reflected that but for her voluntary sacrifice she might have remained with him always, she hated herself, and thought if it were not for her child she would not care to live.

She listened intently and heard Howard's deep breathing on the other side of the partition. He was asleep, and so near her! Was he dreaming of her? How could he sleep while that terrible avenger was wandering in the woods with the threat of death upon his white face? It was because Howard was so good, and so brave. "So good and so brave!" whispered Ellen, "and he loves me who am neither good nor brave."

The tears ran down her cheeks. She crept from West's side, and crawled to the partition, and as she had done so many nights, she kissed the rough wood that hid her from Howard, even as her father had kissed the threshold which her bare feet had trod. What becomes of the kisses that never reach the lips of those we love? Perhaps the angels gather them in golden vials full of odors, and treasure them with the prayers of the saints.

She lay prostrate upon the floor, as she had lain many and many nights before, her face pressed to the dividing wall. But tonight she was afraid. She thought of that sinister form flitting across the clearing like an evil bird. She imagined it hovering outside her door. She returned to her child, and lay with an arm about its warm, unconscious body. Her ears were strained to catch a warning sound, and the woods seemed alive with strange voices. She started at each sudden call, at the falling of mysterious objects, at the sigh of the night, and through it all came Howard's quiet breathing. At last she fell asleep.

She started up, she knew not why. What had awakened her—a dream? Howard breathed tranquilly, still asleep. West lay asleep in the cramped position he preferred above all others. Ellen, sitting upright upon the pallet, held her breath to listen. Bright moonlight peeped through crevices in the wall. A silver bar lay across West's face. It must be very bright outdoors, Ellen thought.

Then she heard the report of a pistol. It crashed upon her strained nerves with terrific force. Her dry throat refused to utter the scream that her heart prompted. She felt deafened, stunned, lost. Still Howard slept on—Howard and her child. The cold sweat stood upon her brow. Her sitting form became rigid. The minutes dragged by, but nothing was to be heard save the trill of insects. What had happened out there in the bright night? What had happened? she asked herself over and over, dully monotonously; what could have happened? Who was out in the night but Basil Quiteron? The night seemed long to Basil, the night and the woods; but it should have remained dark for him. Why had he fired? What had happened?

"Howard!" called Ellen in a low voice.

Howard answered with the deep breathing of peaceful slumber.

A suden thought caused Ellen to catch her breath in terror. "He has killed himself," she whispered. "He was mad, I saw that in his eyes. He was mad. He has killed himself."

She quivered with terror. "And Howard will find him lying there in the path. He will see the blood. He will lose his mind again. Ah, my god! have I not been punished long enough for my crime?"

By "crime" she meant her marriage.

Presently she staggered to her feet and went to the door. She drew back the bolt she had so anxiously fastened at dusk. She stepped out into the cool night. A flood of moonlight streamed over her disordered hair. She stood still, listening. A faint rustle came from the sea of leaves like the hiss of a serpent. She shrank back toward the cabin, then remembered her first thought. She walked slowly into the moonlight, her terrified eyes glaring at the fringe of trees beyond. Every step she took away from the cabin was a physical torture. Her mind and her body were as one; her fear was like a wound. Suddenly there came from the woods a quick, sharp report. With a low cry she darted back to the cabin. She paused at the door. Then she knew she had been alarmed by the breaking of a bough. She had often heard it before. Some wild creature had rested its weight too suddenly upon a frail support.

"I must go," whispered Ellen, her hands clenched; "he will see the blood—he will lose his mind again."

Once more she left the cabin, and now with the quick step of steeled desperation, she crossed the clearing and came to the trees. Here was the path they must follow before morning to make their escape. Hence had come the report of the pistol. She must soon find what she sought—if it were there. The path was brightly lighted. It wound before her like a silver coil on the spangled skirt of darkness.

But if Basil had fired to draw Howard from the cabin? If he crouched among the thickets, watching her, waiting for her? She stopped as if turned to stone. At that moment her eyes looked into the wide, sightless eyes of a head upon the ground. The head lay in the moonlight; the body was hidden by a tangled growth of tall weeds. It was Basil Quiteron.

Ellen remained motionless, glaring into the fearful eyes of the dead. She did not feel the fear which like a wound had torn her heart at each step from the cabin. Courage had returned; Basil was dead!

She feared nothing from the woods, nothing from night. She listened no longer for sudden footsteps, for jarring voices, for the coming of mysterious danger and secret evil; Basil was dead!

When her eyes left his she saw the bent and stiffened arm, the pistol gripped in the white hand, and the blood which stained his bosom. Howard must not see this bloody corpse. She found herself thinking of Howard as if he were a child whom she must protect. What was to be done? If she could dig a grave—yes, she could do that, for though there was but a thin crust of earth upon the layers of rock, she was strong, and she could find a spot where the spade could work its way. But she could not touch that dead man—her husband. She thought if the grave were dug and gaping at his side, she could not take him in her arms to cast him into its keeping.

She returned to the cabin and knocked loudly upon Howard's door. She heard him start up. "Howard!" she called, "it is I. It is time for us to go now."

"Ellen!" cried Howard, feeling his way toward his door. "Are you outdors?"

"Yes, I am not afraid. Let us go." She hurried to her room. Presently she appeared with West in her arms. Howard gently relieved her of the sleeping boy.

"It is only a little past midnight," he said. "You thought you would be afraid to ride through the woods at such a time. And we will have to wait at Mope Point so long—they may discover you there, waiting."

"No," said Ellen, "they will not discover me. Let us not go by the open path. Follow me, Howard, I am not afraid when we are hidden among the trees."

He obeyed silently. Her lithe form flitted before him, now in darkness, now spangled with moonlight. She did not once hesitate or speak until they came to their neighbor's cabin. The man was roused, and his horses procured. Presently Ellen and Howard were riding along the creek-bed. They took turns in carrying the sleeping child. Howard thought his companion strangely calm and quiet.

Once she said: "There is no need for us to hurry. The road is difficult, let us find our way carefully."

He looked at the dim form in wonder. "You seem to forget," he murmured.

"No," said Ellen, "I remember everything."

Morning had dawned when they reached the deserted caboose which stood for the station-house of Mope Point. There was only one other building in sight, the general store and postoffice; it, too, was deserted. A rank growth of weeds stretched away on either side of the railroad, and their odor, damp with undried dew, filled the air. Beyond the froway weeds stretched the unbroken wall of the forest. The first rays of the sun flashed along the rails, almost blinding the eyes. Ellen seated herself upon the dusty steps of the caboose which rested upon the ground. Howard handed her the sleeping boy. As he did so, his hand rested upon hers. She drew suddenly away. The color flooded her cheeks. Howard was wounded. He turned silently away, and fastened the horses to the rack in front of the store. Then he began to pace the grass-grown road that lay between the store and the caboose.

West woke up and fretted. Ellen hushed him with a song. Her voice, tender and full, floated out and mingled with the dew-fragrant breath of the morning. She was weary from the hard ride and from her recent fears. Her sunbonnet had fallen upon the back of her neck. The sweet, sad face looked down upon the child. The sunbeams shot into her golden tresses and quivered there with delight. Howard listened to her song till his heart rose in his throat. She could sing, for she had still her child, her loved one. If it were taken from her——

He knew the look that rested upon her face, for he knew the look that went with that song. He longed to see the golden hair and soft, round cheek, yet feared to turn his eyes that way. Why should he turn his eyes toward Ellen? There was no feature and no gesture, no little way, no start or turn of Ellen's that he did not remember. To remember was his right, but now it was not for him to find pleasure in her visible charms. And yet that power which had held him true to her through all mischance through sin and suffering, compelled him to look at her. For when Ellen was near, all the earth seemed dreary and out of tune save that spot of earth beneath her feet. And as he looked at the tired form, the pallid face, the weary lips from which the song floated lingeringly, she looked up, and their eyes met. In an instant her eyes fell, as her face bent over the child, but he had seen the pallor vanish and the weariness as well. His glance seemed to infuse her form with new strength and her spirit with new hope.

He was troubled that it was so, and resumed his steady walk. Sometimes he gazed up and down the road and along the fringe of the forest, fearing the coming of Basil; and with the fear was wonder at Ellen's calm. At last the station-agent came and unlocked the door. Soon after Hike Aten arrived, looking for a possible fare from the next train. He greeted Howard and Ellen with:

"Hi, neighbors! Bright an' early, I see."

"Hike," said Howard, "I want to engage you to take Doggett his horses." He nodded toward the rack.

"All right, all right," said Hike, with a grin, "you know my price, Weston. Glad to git the job, an' Bile Doggett is a ole frien' uv mine, nohow. Say! what has went with the ole man I druv to yore place yist'day?"

"Old man?" echoed Ellen in astonishment.

"Why, yas," said Hike, opening his eyes wide. "I druv him this side yore ravine. He said he'd walk acrost. Leave him to keep house?"

"He didn't come to our house," said Howard, in perplexity. "No one came yesterday."

"Didn't come!" echoed Hike, gaping. "An' after bein' so anxious to git thar, an' inquirin' about you two. Said he was a ole frien' of Miss' Allen's ma, here."

"An old friend of my mother!" echoed Ellen. "Oh, could it have been Mr. Oliver?" She looked at Howard in uncertainty and alarm.

"No," said Howard, "he is too old to take such a journey. Besides, he couldn't know where you are. It must have been some one we never knew—some one who was disguising himself to—to—— perhaps Basil's accomplice."

"He acted queer," said Hike, nodding his head. "I mistrusted him from the jump. Yas, sir. Well, this here is int'ristin', shore. Plague that train, it's a-comin', and I was jest settlin' myself to discuss this thing."

The train rolled in and bore the fugitives from Mope Point. Howard breathed with relief as he saw the woods receding swiftly, giving place to other woods, wilder but unknown. West occupied Ellen's time, bringing smiles to her lips and eyes, keeping her conversation at play. She seemed to wish to avoid Howard, and he, wounded by her avoidance while at the same time he

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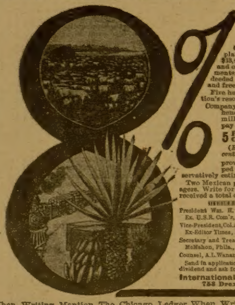

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felt she had taken a wise course, spent much of the day in another coach.

At night he came to her with the information that a wreck upon the road would delay them five or six hours.

"A wreck!" exclaimed Ellen, growing white. She swept her bundle from the next seat and said eagerly, "do not go to look, Howard. Sit by me."

"Do not fear," said Howard, looking down upon West who lay asleep upon the seat facing her. "I will take care of myself till you have no further use of me."

"Will you, Howard? That is good to hear, for I shall always need you. West will always need you. I am glad we are to wait here so long."

"Why are you glad, Ellen? Do you not realize——" He paused, reflecting that it was useless to alarm her.

"I am glad because I dread to reach the town we have selected. I dread to begin life again. Oh, I hate the thought of beginning all over! I imagine people will lok surprised when we pretend to be brother and sister, after we have been considered—— And I hate deception, as I know you do. It is not like you to pretend, Howard. It is my fault. For my sake you are false to your good, good heart."

"Don't speak of me in that way," said Howard, hastily; "it makes me ashamed. Do you forget that I meant to kill—him? For that, I deserve all I have suffered."

"No!" protested Ellen.

"Besides," said Howard, "do you not forget that for two years we have been pretending to be—what we were not?"

"Oh, that was easier," said Ellen vaguely.

Howard met these words with reproving seriousness. "Do not be alarmed for me," he said, rising. "I will not leave the train, but both of us need sleep." He returned to the other coach.

Two days and two nights had passed since they left Mope Point, and another dawn had come when they left the train at a little mountain town in Arkansas. "Howard," said Ellen, "before we go to the hotel I want to have a talk with you. I—I have something to tell you."

Howard looked troubled. "But——" he said.

"Yes, we will walk about," said Ellen, hurriedly. "I can tell you that way. I want you to know something before we—before we—before we write our names in the hotel register. See, here is a quaint road, and it runs over a footbridge. How pretty!"

Howard could not understand her. He followed as she led West by the hand. She was silent. He came to her side. "Well?" he said, speaking quietly, "will you tell me now?"

"Not just now," said Ellen. "We will sit down below the bridge. What pretty stone steps leading to the brook! I must sit down. My shoes are just killing me, Howard—you know I'm not used to such luxuries!" She spoke as a child. They left the road and seated themselves upon the side of a natural amphitheater. Behind them stretched the cottages of the village. West, delighted with the enticing song of the brook, scrambled down to dabble in its limpid waters. Ellen sat upon the rude stone steps, her face shaded by the sunbonnet. Howard stood, uneasy and full of care.

"I must tell you," said Ellen slowly, "for it is time that you should know."

"Ellen," said Howard hurriedly, "I know everything. But it is better for us both that some things which we both know should never be spoken. Think, Ellen, is it right for you to speak? Can it do you any good? Remember we are bound to our several destinies by God's own law. We live in bonds, Ellen, and it is better for us both to live in them without resistance."

"Yes," said Ellen, "you must know." She did not look at him, but her voice was final. It was a voice from the past, a voice which had more than once opposed him in his childhood.

"You feel safe, Ellen?" he murmured.

"Perfectly safe," said Ellen. "He will not come to take West from me. He will not come to throw you into prison. But I do not speak of him with bitterness. I, too, was to blame. I gave myself to him; it was a crime to him, to you, to myself. I have forgiven him, for he is dead. That is what I wished to tell you; Basil Quiteron is dead, Howard, dead! I heard the shot the last night and went to see. He lay in the path. That is why I made you circle around it. He killed himself. The pistol was tight in his hand. I was afraid you would see—that gave me courage to go out after the shot. I believed I would find him lying there; and I did, Howard; I found him there—dead!"

If there was a thrill of triumph in her voice he did not blame her. If he censured her in his heart for hiding from him the truth, he did not reveal it in words. He stood very still, looking at her, trying to realize what her narrative meant—its consequences to him and to her. Jim had agreed to come the morning after their departure to carry away for safe keeping certain tools and household furniture. He would come upon the dead man. He would see the pistol in the suicide's hand, and suspicion could not fall upon Howard or Ellen. There would be little stir made, for in that thinly inhabited land an inquest was infrequent. If Basil carried no letters upon him giving his address, Elbertown would probably never learn his fate. If it learned his fate it would be long after his burial, and could not associate it with the existence of a certain "Weston Allen" living in the wilderness.

"We must return at once," said Howard abruptly, "that they may in no way suspect us."

"Well," said Ellen tranquilly. "I am ready."

"You were so afraid when I bade you good-night," murmured Howard. "How could you leave the cabin to hunt for—the body? But it was for my sake! You did that to save me!"

Ellen shuddered, as the memory came back.

"I thought you not very brave," said Howard.

She lifted her face and smiled at him, but it was only for an instant; then the bonnet hid all but her chin.

Howard began to awake as from a dream. The blood tingled in his veins, his heart began to beat with sudden power, and there rushed through his being something akin to sorrow—but it was not sorrow. It was the voice of his life, calling him at last to that for which he had been born into the world. The pain of past suffering was as nothing to the sting of this aroused activity. Like the first gust of a storm, it swept in one moment every chord of his being, leaving him trembling and afraid. He trembled because the passion was stronger than his mind could measure. He was afraid because it was so new and strange, and seemed too beautiful for one so humble.

But Ellen sat still, all hidden but the chin which quivered as a point of light in sweet dusk. Howard sank beside her upon the step, and drew away the bonnet from her head. Her eyes met his but for a moment. Swift blushes chased each other ceaselessly across her cheeks, like roses blown in the wind. Trembling he drew nearer the hair of gold, the eyes of gray.

"Ellen," he whispered, "we are free!"

"Yes, Howard," she whispered back.

"There is no power in this world that can keep us apart now," he said intensely.

She met his look firmly as she answered: "No power in this world!"

"This morning," whispered Howard, now—now, Ellen, will you——" He hesitated.

Ellen looked at him earnestly—it was one of her old glances that used to hide a smile. "Be——" she said.

"My——" He paused again, and caught his breath.

"Wife?" said Ellen; "yes, Sunbeam!"

CHAPTER XIX.

They were married that morning and returned at once to Mope Point. There they learned that an old man had been killed by a young man who had then killed himself. No papers had been found upon either body, but the young man's watch was engraved with the initials "B. Q." Bile Doggett came into possession of the watch by virtue of his son's discovery. There had been no inquest, and but few knew the particulars of the burial. Somewhere in the deep woods Basil and his victim had been lain side by side, the spot marked by a pyramid of stones. It was not until Ellen received a letter from Gregg Oliver that she divined the truth. The old man had purchased her happiness with his life's blood.

He had come to Mope Point in response to her appeal; he had not come direct to the cabin, but had lingered in the woods near-by, perhaps waiting for daylight that he might not disturb her repose. In the darkness he had been mistaken by Basil Quiteron for Howard Glen; Basil had shot the poor old man; then, learning his mistake, had taken his own life. Thus had ended the strange story—the story she was never to understand, of "the man who loved her."

The man who loved her! It was thus she ever thought of him; it was thus she handed down his memory to her child. No acknowledged father could have been remembered by a sweeter title.

Howard Glen was obliged to live under the name he had assumed in his unbalanced state of mind. To the world he was Weston Allen, his wife was Ellen Allen, the child, West Allen. They were cut off from the friends and scenes of their youth, but they were content. The loneliness of the wilderness brought them nearer to each other, and in its tranquil solitudes they lived out those hopes and longings which had once seemed forever gone. Only in the obscure records of an Arkansas justice were the names of Ellen Quiteron and Howard Glen linked together, made one.

Sometimes, no doubt, a desire to mingle with their kind; to enter the busy world and take a place in the station which was theirs by birth and training. But they were happy. When is happiness purchased without privation and tears? Sometimes regret like the deep shadow of a balmy night would fall upon Howard's heart, dark, but not chill; regret because he had no child of his own to share the love he lavished upon West. But he would reflect that if a son had been born to him, he could not have borne the family name. He would have preferred a daughter with golden hair and deep gray eyes; then the name would not so much have mattered. But no daughter came to woo his memories from the little Ellen Felton who had played with him in Elbertown. It was his delight to recognize in his wife the looks and tones of that faraway child; perhaps his love was the tenderer because no living child blurred the pictures of his youth.

Gregg Oliver died and with him perished the secret of Ellen's life. When West grew up, they moved to a university town in the far West, and lavished upon him, without spoiling him, some of the wealth left Ellen by her father. Here the young man married, and obtained a professorship in the university from which he was graduated. But Howard and Ellen returned to the wild scenes of their sufferings and of their joys in southern Missouri. They feel no fear of discovery when sometimes they go to Elbertown to scatter flowers upon the graves of Jennie Felton and Mollie Glen. When the lonely spirit of the wilderness rests too heavily upon their hearts they visit West in his California home, but for the most part they abide on "Weston Allen's place." There they live today in a one-room log cabin. Their guests are few. Sometimes a stranger, looking at the rude wall, will observe, "There used to be a partition here."

Then "Sunbeam" shines upon "Lellen" with a tender smile, but they say nothing. That means that they are happy.

The End.

I have discovered a vegetable cure for female diseases and piles. I will send package free to every sufferer. Write Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 35, Kokomo, Ind.

There would be fewer spinsters if girls were more careful about their make-up

FOR THE SAKE OF DAVID.

BY GRACE TERRY.

"Son David, it strikes me that you are out a great deal of late. I don't approve of boys of your age being out evenings; it leads to bad company, and bad company leads to all sorts of badness. I hope you don't spend your time at the tavern?"

"Son David," a broad-shouldered six-footer, smiled a little, and colored a good deal at these words, which were delivered with a precision and a solemnity of look and tone that made them doubly impressive.

"There's no occasion for any alarm, father; I keep very good company. And as for the tavern, I haven't set foot in it for six months or more."

About the usual hour, David laid aside his book, and, putting on a clean collar and a linen coat, fresh from the hands of Aunt Betsey, sauntered down toward the vilage. This had been his custom for several weeks past, and the old deacon shook his head with a perplexed and somewhat troubled air.

"I suppose the lad finds it rather dull here," he mused; "the house is lonely."

And, as he recalled the light of a certain bright and sunny smile, what he had thought of doing "for the sake of David" seemed a not unpleasant thing to do for his own.

"I think I'll go and consult Parson Dunlow," thought the deacon, who, like the generality of mankind, determined to seek advice, not for the purpose of gaining any additional light, but to strengthen and confirm his own opinions.

The worthy deacon bestowed quite as much time upon his toilet before leaving the house as did "Son David." And if a glimpse of the sprinkling of gray in the hair that he brushed so carefully away from his temples made him somewhat doubtful as to the result of his mission, it was but for a moment. Ought not any woman to be proud of the honor of becoming Mrs. Deacon Quimby, wife of one of the most wealthy and influential citizens of the place, even though his hair might be a little frosty and his form not so erect as when he departed on the selfsame errand thirty years before.

In the weekly prayer meetings, of which he took the lead, the deacon often called himself "the chief of sinners," "an unprofitable servant," and the like, confessing and bewailing the depravity of his heart. But, like a great many other self-styled "miserable sinners," he had a tolerably good opinion of himself after all, making the above confession with an air that seemed to say, "If I, Deacon Quimby, a pillar of the church, and a shining example to you all, can say this, what must be the condition of the majority of those around me?"

He found Parson Dunlow in his study, hard at work upon his next Sunday's discourse. But he was used to interruptions, and had a sincere liking for the worthy deacon, who was his right-hand man in every good work; so, laying down his pen, he shook him warmly by the hand and bade him be seated.

But somehow the deacon found it difficult to get out what he came to say—the words seemed to stick in his throat. But at last he managed to stammer:

"I—I have called, parson, to—to see you about my son, David, whose conduct has occasioned me a good deal of uneasiness of late."

"You surprise me, Brother Quimby; I consider him to be an unusually steady and exemplary young man."

"He has been, parson, very steady indeed—at home every evening, busy with his book or paper. But now he's out most every night, and sometimes don't return till quite late."

A faint smile flickered around Parson Dunlow's mouth, but it was unobserved by the deacon, who resumed:

"The fact is, the boy wants a mother."

"He wants a wife, you mean," was the parson's inward comment, but he said nothing, for he hadn't filled his sacred office a quarter of a century without learning that some things are better thought than spoken.

"It is a very important step," resumed Deacon Quimby, after waiting vainly for the parson to speak, "and—and as I think of taking to myself another companion for—for the sake of David, I thought I would come and—and consult you about it."

Here the deacon wiped the perspiration from his forehead, betraying so much hesitancy and embarrassment as to quite astonish the good parson, who, in order to reassure him, said, briskly:

"To be sure, Brother Quimby. And a very good idea it is, too, for yourself, and, no doubt, for your son, David. And I shall be very glad to assist you in the matter. There are many very worthy ladies in the church and vicinity, so that you cannot fail to be suited. There's the Widow Bean; her sons are now men grown and quite off her hands. A most excellent and worthy woman is the Widow Bean."

But the deacon did not seem to receive his suggestion with much fervor; he shifted one leg uneasily over the other.

"As you say, parson, the Widow Bean is a most excellent and worthy woman; but—but the leading of Providence don't seem to be in that direction."

"Well, then, there is Miss Mary Ann Pease, a member of the church for many years, and an ornament to her sex and profession. Now that her brother is married again, she is quite at liberty, and will make you a very desirable helpmate."

"True, very true, parson; I have the highest respect for Sister Pease. But—but the leadings of Providence don't seem to be in that direction, either."

The good parson looked troubled, but, honestly desirous of assisting his visitor, he made another effort.

"Brother Jones has a number of daughters, and either of the two oldest would be——"

"Yes, yes, parson," interrupted the deacon, rather impatiently, "I know that very well. But I think that—that, for the sake of David, I had better marry some one younger and more lively, and who would consequently be more of a—sort of companion for him."

A sudden light broke in upon Parson Dunlow's mind.

"Perhaps you have some one already in view, Brother Quimby?"

"Well, yes, parson, I have sought divine light, and the leadings of Providence seem to be in the direction of your family; in short, toward your daughter, Miss Emma, whose staid and discreet behavior, I am happy to say, would do honor to more mature years."

It was not the first time, in Parson Dunlow's pastoral experience, that he had known people to mistake the leading of their own hearts for "the leadings of Providence." But if he had any suspicion that this might be the case with the worthy deacon, he prudently kept it to himself. So, without evincing anything of the dismay and consternation at his heart, he said:

"I cannot fail to realize, Brother Quimby, the high compliment of such a desire. But you remember the words of Rebekah's parents under like circumstances: 'We will call the damsel and inquire at her mouth.' I don't know that we can do better than follow their example.

"Willie," said he, going to the window, "run and tell Emma that father wants to see her in his study."

"She's dot company," said the little fellow; "and is doing to dive me a new ball if I'll stay out in the yard."

"No matter," said his father, smiling; "you shall not lose the new ball. So run along."

Miss Emma, though very pleasantly engaged, dutifully obeyed her father's summons. She blushed as her eyes fell upon the deacon, to whom she dropped a pretty, deferential courtesy.

"My daughter," said the parson, gravely, "Deacon Quimby informs me that, for the sake of David, he has concluded to take to himself another wife, and that his choice has fallen upon you. I have ever left such matters to you, but you cannot fail to realize the value of such an offer, and I trust will give it the consideration it demands."

Emma opened her brown eyes widely at this announcement, and then the long lashes fell over them, and lay quivering upon the rosy cheeks. But, unexpected as was the position in which she found herself placed, her woman's wit did not desert her.

"I should be very happy to become Deacon Quimby's wife, papa," she said demurely, "if I had not already promised, for the sake of David, to do my best to be a daughter to him."

Deacon Quimby was so accustomed to consider his son as a mere boy that it was some minutes before his mind took in the sense of these words.

"Do you mean to say, Miss Emma," he said, at last, regarding the blushing girl with a bewildered air, "that you are going to marry my son?"

"With your permission, sir," responded Emma, with a smile and glance that would have softened a far harder heart than the deacon's. "I have already obtained that of my father."

Deacon Quimby turned his eyes upon Mr. Dunlow, who had been a quiet but interested listener to this.

"Why, David is nothing but a boy, parson!"

"He is a year older than you were when you married, deacon," was the smiling response.

True; so he was.

"I dare say it does not seem possible," continued the parson. "I can hardly bring myself to realize than it is eighteen years ago since my little girl, here, was laid in my arms; but so it is."

And the good deacon looked at the blooming maiden, and remembered how often he had held her, a smiling babe, in his arms, the conviction was suddenly forced upon him that he had been making an old fool of himself.

The rather embarrassing silence that followed was pleasantly broken by David's cheery voice and pleasant smile.

"You seem to have quite a family party," he said, pushing open the door.

"So this is where you spend your evenings, young man?" said his father, shaking his finger at him, with an air of mock displeasure. "Ah, I see plainly that I shall never be able to keep you at home, unless I can persuade Miss Emma to come and live with me. What say you, my dear?"

"That I will come very willingly," returned the smiling and blushing girl, "for the sake of David."

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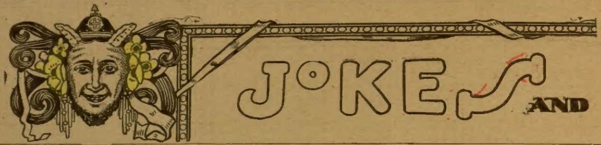


One Exception.

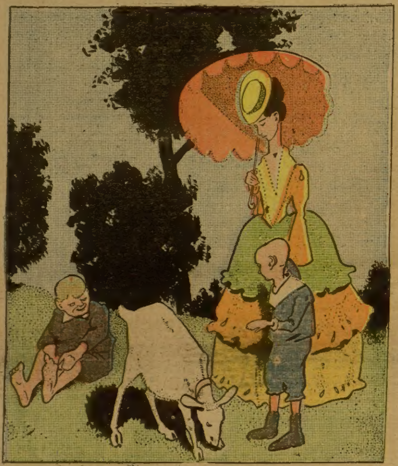
Singleton—After a man is dead he is soon forgotten.

Secondun—Yes, as a rule; but the poor jay who is married to his widow is never allowed to forget him.

An Awful Condition.

Her—Young Windig is quite a polished chap, isn't he?

Him—I should say so. Why, he's so polished that he can't even tell the plain, unvarnished truth.



"So this is your lamb, little boy?" said the lady. "And does it, like Mary's little lamb, follow you to school?"

"Dat's no lamb, leddy," replied the youthful shepherd. "Dat's a kid, an' he follered me ter school las' week so clost dat if I hadn't slammed de door in his face he'd 'a' butted me troo de blackboard."

An Indulgent Parent.

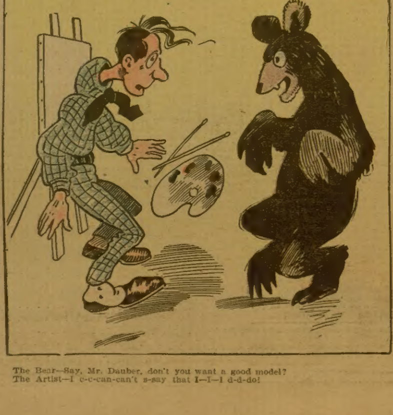
"I suppose," said the village grocer, "that you are going to give your son a liberal education."

"Yew bet I be," replied Father Hayrix. "Why, blame it all, I've 'lowed him a quarter a week, jist fer spendin' money alone, since he's been off t' school, by grass!"

Pleasing News.

"Mr. Highball," whispered the sweet singer, "I hear the landlady is going to advance your board."

"Well," replied the comedian boarder, with a sigh of relief, "I am glad to hear some one is going to advance it. I know I can't."



The Bear—Say, Mr. Dauber, don't you want a good model?
The Artist—I c-c-can-can't s-say that I—I—I d-d-do!

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Biggs—Do you consider Weeds a brave and fearless man?

Diggs—Well, he has been married three times.

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are connected by a railroad route having finely appointed trains, day and night—Sleepers and Parlors. Monon—C. H. & D. Ride this way once and you'll ride again—we think.

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Mr. Borum—Yes; I'm completely carried away with it.

Miss Wearyun—Then I will sing.

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Oldest Inhabitant Again.

'Twas a dark and dismal evening and the charter members of the Chair Warmers' Club were seated around the stove in the village grocery.

"'Pears tew me like th' days air awful short now," remarked the shoemaker.

"Huh!" growled the oldest inhabitant. "They ain't half ez short ez they wuz back in th' winter uv '49 when a note what I'd give tew a pesky lightnin'-rod peddler wuz erbout tew come due."

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Percy—Weally, I'm afwaid people fail to—aw—undahstand me, doncher know.

Agnes—Then why don't you learn to talk United States.

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GET BIG MAIL Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers' supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agent's Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging these names in suitable shape and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents in silver for our trouble. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 10 cts. with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agent's Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing. Address AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, Indiana, Indiana County, Pa.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

JOLLITY
WEIR

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Quite True.

Giles—My wife can drive nails like lightning.

Miles—You don't mean it?

Giles—Sure I do. Lightning, you know, seldom strikes twice in the same place.

A Dainty Little Maid.

She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt when it is going to rain without any one's help. She indicates when it is wise to take your umbrella with you, when you can leave it at home. In fact she is the simplest and best barometer made. She is an ornament to any parlor and a necessity to every home. She or one of her sisters will come to you with full instructions on how she reads the weather, postpaid, for only 10 cents. She makes big money for her agents. Address W. P. Randolph & Co., 82 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Second Offense.

Husband—I made a fool of myself again today.

Wife—Again?

Husband—Yes; the first time was when I proposed to you.

A CURE FOR THE TOBACCO HABIT.

Mrs. M. Hall, 4080 11th street, Des Moines, Ia., has discovered a harmless remedy for the tobacco habit. Her husband was cured in ten days, after using tobacco for over thirty years. All desire for its use is gone. Can be filled by any druggist. Mrs. Hall will gladly send prescription free to anyone enclosing stamped envelope.

Women often worry themselves old trying to look young.

A FINE KIDNEY CURE.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn., (the Clothier), says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder troubles will write him, he will, without charge, direct them to the perfect home cure he used.

A woman can't make a monkey of every man she meets, sometimes she's too late.

Why suffer with female diseases or piles? I will send free to every sufferer my simple vegetable cure. Write Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 25, Kokomo, Ind.

Real Touch.

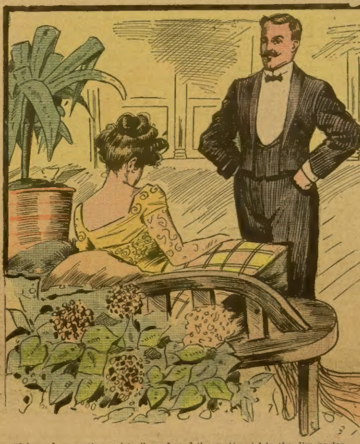
"Teach me the true poetic touch," gushed the beautiful girl who wished to pen meter.

"All right," chuckled the bard with the fringed trousers. "Loan me $10."

It All Depends.

Green—Guzzles is rather shallow, is he not?

Brown—You wouldn't think so if you had ever invited him to drink with you.



"I have been eating onions," confessed the pretty girl in the dim parlor.
"Then I will tell you a ghost story," whispered the suitor.
"But why a ghost story?"
"Because it will take your breath away."

Usual Finish.

"Mamma," said the innocent bride, "how does the honeymoon usually end?

"With a domestic cyclone, my dear," answered the mother, who knew whereof she spoke.

A vaudeville hall in Glasgow has this notice displayed on the walls: "Whistling or cheering with the feet is strictly prohibited."

A Matrimonial Apprentice.

Johnny—Papa, what does it mean to be apprenticed?

Papa—It means the binding of one person to another by agreement. The person so bound has to teach the other all he can of his trade or profession, while the other has to watch and learn how things are done to make himself useful in every way possible.

Johnny—Then I suppose you're apprenticed to ma, ain't you, dad?

Work for Many Days.

"Woman's work," quoted the typewriter boarder, "is never done."

"Of course not," rejoined the piebald bachelor, "and it never will be as long as she keeps on trying to make herself beautiful."

Natural Deduction.

Bess—I hear Clara married a man who gambles.

Nell—Of course she did. Marriage is a lottery, and any one who takes chances in a lottery is a gambler.

Strong Denial.

Mrs. Caller (sweetly)—Isn't your husband geting a little bald?

Mrs. Homer (indignantly)—I should say not! There isn't a single bald hair on his head.

Real Love Letters.

"Luk here, Matilda, dey tells me yo' accepted Remus?"

"Yeas, he won me wid seben lettahs."

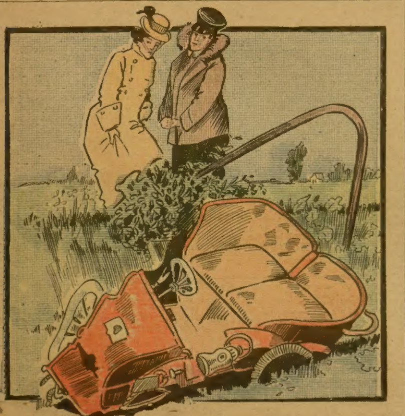
"What kind of lettahs?"

"C-h-i-c-k-e-n."

No Room for Doubt.

Scribbles—Why do you think Funniman has but little sense of humor?

Dribbles—Because he reads all his jokes to his wife.



He—Oh, Aurelia! What a dreadful accident! I thought you could run an automobile.

She—Why, I can! Only I haven't learned yet how to steer it and stop it!

AGENTS WANTED

WOULD YOU LIKE Your Clothes Made to Order in the swell up-to-date styles from the newest Fashionable Fabrics, cut to your measure and tailor made by first-class union workmen, with a perfect fit guaranteed.

A $20.00 SUIT FREE

Send for our samples of all-wool suitings at $12.50 to $20.00 for tailor made suits, with order blanks and instructions for taking your measure, and we will send you our private letter, How to get a $20.00 suit free; or how to, at all seasons have the latest up-to-date tailor made clothes free of charge. AGENTS WANTED We want a representative in every town; send at once for our terms, commissions, samples, prices and instructions, which we send by mail free of charge. Address

CHAPIN & CO. MERCHANT TAILORS
Dep. B 17, 225 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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LEARN to make Mirrors and make big money at home. Partic. for stamp. MacMasters, D36, Peru, Ind

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

XAX NUTS sure cure for wabbling wheels; quick sellers, profitable. Agents Wanted. H. S. CO., Bx.656, Pontiac, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

"HEAL QUICK" a household necessity, heals Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Hangnails, etc., instantly. Forms waterproof antiseptic coating. Bottle 10c. Agents wanted. FIDELITY CO., 20 S. 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

I MADE $25,000

a year doing a mail order business and started with $30. I can teach you. Send 10 cents, silver, for Mail Order Guide.
C. H. ROWAN,
43 E. Adelaide Street, - Toronto, Can.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WE PAY $37 A WEEK And expenses to men with rigs to introduce Poultry Compound. International Mfg. Co., Parsons, Kan.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Portrait Agents New FRAME catalogue and Samples Free. 30 days credit. P. P. Co., Dept. D Wayne, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVE Our secret service men earn good money. Good men wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Give age and references. Address American Detective Association, Indianapolis, Indiana

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS. If this catches the eye of a live, ambitious party who desires to earn a handsome income, write us for our money-making proposition, selling STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS. Our agents are positively making from $5 to $15 above expenses. Our latest production—St. Louis exposition and the Russian-Japanese war views. Griffith & Griffith, 700 Abel Bldg., Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Send to-day FREE GOLD WATCH

This watch has SOLID GOLD LAID CASE, engraved on BOTH SIDES, American movement, fully warranted timekeeper, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, guaranteed 25 years. We give it FREE for selling only 20 handsome Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid. When sold send us the $2.00 and we will positively send you the watch; also Gold Chain Free. [illegible]
RAND MFG. CO. DEPT. 104 CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MEN WANTED. Reliable Men in every locality throughout United States and Canada to advertise our goods tacking up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $840 a year, or $70 a month and expenses $2.50 a day. Steady employment to good reliable men. We lay out your work for you. No experience needed. Write for full particulars.
SALUS MEDICINAL CO., London, Ontario, Canada

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH Our watches are CORRECT in SIZE, have 14kt. SOLID GOLD LAID CASES, SUPERBLY ENGRAVED ON BOTH SIDES. AMERICAN MOVEMENT, fully warranted timekeeper, appears equal to SOLID GOLD WATCH, GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. We give it ABSOLUTELY FREE for selling 20 pieces of assorted designs in GOLD JEWELRY at 10c. each. Send address and we will send Jewelry postpaid; when sold send us $2.00 and we will POSITIVELY SEND you watch EXACTLY AS DESCRIBED by return mail. For quick work we give GOLD FINISHED CHAIN. Mention whether you want LADIES' or GENT'S STYLE.
LIBERTY JEWEL CO., Dept. 154 CHICAGO

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1905 MODEL BICYCLE
FREE FREE

An up-to-date, full size, High Grade Bicycle, Ladies' or Gent's Model, costs from $30.00 to $40.00. Don't throw your money away for a Bicycle, but take advantage of our generous proposition which we make to every person that takes advantage of this advertisement, and does the work which we require if you wish to own a full size, up-to-date Bicycle and one that is guaranteed by the manufacturers for one year. Send no money; order to-day and we will promptly mail to you twelve boxes of our celebrated Morning Call Pills. Sell them at 25 cents per box and send us the $3.00. When we have received the money for the Pills which we shall send you immediately after you have sold the $3. worth and returned the money, we will at once without any further work on your part or payment of any kind send you a full size, high grade, up-to-date Bicycle exactly as described. You run no risk, as we take back all the pills you cannot sell and allow you a 25 per cent. cash commission for what you have sold. Address at once, MORNING REMEDY CO., Dept. 123 New Haven, Conn.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN WITH RING FREE

Beautiful Watch, correct timekeeper, with maker's guarantee, American movement, Solid Gold laid case, equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch Warranted 20 Years, weighs, complete with case, only 2½ ounces. A splendid watch which any one will be glad to possess. The chain we send is of handsome pattern, heavily gold-plated and of modern design. The ring is 14 karat Solid Gold-filled, Hand-chased, and will wear for years. Send your name and address for 24 pieces of Swell Art Jewelry, consisting of Gold-plated Jeweled Hat-pins, Perfumed Amulets and Brooches (regular 25c. goods) to sell at 10 cents each. When sold return our $2.40 and we will send you all 3 premiums.
FRIEND SUPPLY CO., 42-44 Portland Street, Dept. 509 BOSTON, MASS.

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Poetical Bric-a-Brac.

DOTTY'S LEARNING.

Teacher says the world is round,
And yet it looks real flat,
She says it turns around like mad—
Now will you think of that!

And that ain't all, for teacher tells
Us some things queerer yet;
I'd tell them to you, only I
Somehow seem to forget.

AN IDYLL OF GOOD RESOLVES.

Upon the first of January
He said: "My language is too swear-y;
My moral tone I'll raise, I vow—
I'll shun profanity from now.
No matter how incensed I am
I shall be silent as a clam.
I shall not use expressions rash,
Shown by a dash.

"Hereafter, when I stub my toes
Or bump the door against my nose,
Or miss the fretful trolley car
I shall not use fierce words that jar;
I shall be mild as any lamb
Nor show how truly mad I am,
Instead, to hide my rage, I'll cough—
I shall swear off."

Alas, his self-control was weak
When in his wrath he had to speak.
"My words," he sighed, "I know are rash—
They leap from blank to double dash,
My swear-off seems to be a sham;
I cannot shut up like a clam,
I cannot play the meek eyed fawn.
Shall I swear on?

"Shall I swear on? It seems to me
A compromise of sorts should be—
A compromise 'twixt words and wrath
That should give me a middle path."
At last he found a middle course
Whereby he might use words of force,
And, he, now the first days are gone,
Swears off and on.

THE ATTIC.

Up in the attic where mother goes
Is a trunk in a shadowed nook—
A trunk—and its lid she will oft unclose
As if it were a precious book.
She kneels at its side on the attic boards
And tenderly, soft and slow,
She counts all the treasures she fondly hoards—
The things of the long ago.

A yellowing dress, once the sheerest white
That shimmered in joyous pride—
She looks at it now with the girl's delight
That was hers when she stood a bride.

There is a ribbon of faded blue
She keeps with the satin gown;
Buckles and lace—and a little shoe;
Sadly she lays it down.

Up in the attic where mother goes
Is a trunk in a shadowed place—
A trunk—with the scent of a withered rose
On the satin and shoe and lace.
None of us touches its battered lid,
But safe in its niche it stays
Sacred to all that her heart has hid—
Gold of the other days.

THE CHANGED CRY.

Erstwhile, in the Muscovite kingdom the sounds of rejoicing were heard;
The people were shouting and singing, and "Hail to the babe!" was the word.
The hands of the loved "Little Father" were spread as in benison o'er,
The serfs, with an earnest of mercy where all was oppression before.
But how was the promise regarded by him who has made it, say you?
They came to him, humbly appealing, believing his pledges were true;
Then—then did the guns of the Cossacks in blood all the city immerse—
The breaths that were burdened with blessings now poison the air with their curse.

The birth of the babe, as an omen of good to them all, they had hailed;
But now there is bitterness only, to know that the wrong has prevailed.
The hope that was born with the baby is dead in each Muscovite breast,
And many who hoped are now dying—shot down at their monarch's behest.
When—when shall the trust find renewal that late to their ruler was given?
And how shall the Czar, for these murders so coolly committed, be shriven?
They gather with trust in their monarch—in horror and hate they disperse;
And breaths that were burdened with blessings now poison the air with their curse.

AUNTY'S WONDER TALE.

O, oncet I knowed a man, en I hope I may die
But oncet I knowed a man et a blue bottle fly!

De blue bottle fly wuz a buzzin' in de bog,
W'en along wid a hop en a skip come a frog.
"Heyo," sez de fly, "whut you gwine fer to do?"
"Heyo," sez de frog, "I'se a gwine ter eat you!"

En he gu'p wid he throat en he wink wid he eye—
En dat wuz de las' er de blue bottle fly.

Den along go de frog twell he come ter de crick,
En up come a bass an' he nab de frog quick.
"Heyo," sez de frog, "whut you gwine fer to do?"
"Heyo," sez de bass, "I'se er gwine ter eat you!"

En he gu'p wid he throat en he blink wid he eye,
En de frog et up 'fo' he sayin' "Good-by."

Den along go de bass twell it's enamost noon,
En he fust thing he know he is cotched by a 'coon.
"Heyo," sez de bass, "whut you gwine fer ter do?"
"Heyo," sez de coon, "I'se er gwine ter eat you!"

En he gu'p wid he throat, en he wink wid he eye,
En de bass done et up whilt he sayin' "O, my!"

Den de 'coon go along twell he step in er trap,
En a man come en say: "Well, I got er new cap!"
"Heyo," says de 'coon, "whut you gwine fer ter do?"
"Heyah!" sez de man, "I'se a gwine ter eat you!"

En he tek de 'coon home—en I hope I may die,
But oncet I knowed a man et a blue bottle fly!

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

HEARTS OF OAK;

Or, In the Days of Washington.

[Copyright by the Author.]

Begun in No. 7, Feb. 18. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

What he wanted to hear was the crash of musketry close at hand, proclaiming in thunder tones that the battle was on.

The silence was ominous and he did not like it.

A thousand doubts began to stagger his confidence.

Could there have been any hitch? Had the passage of the icy flood been too serious a problem for even the desperate soldiers of the Continental army to tackle? Was it even possible they had met with mishap?

Roger's feelings were not at all enviable, though they probably did him due credit, for it was not on his own account he worried, but because what had promised so much for the good of the cause might slip through their fingers.

He knew his information had been accurate at the time it was delivered; but changes might have been made in the disposition of the British troops since, rendering it less easy to cut out the Hessian regiment than had been figured on by General Washington when he planned this venture.

Oh, if only there would come some sign!

He never had longed so for anything in all his life, as now, when the sudden fierce throb of drums and the crash of musketry breaking upon the early wintry morning air must announce that the attack had begun.

He wondered what sort of a sensation it would create along the line of British camps when the truth was known. These veterans professed to scorn the farmer horde who served under the provincial general; but in due time no doubt they would come to respect their prowess just as they had already found occasion to admit their bravery in battle.

It does not do to underestimate the qualities of those who are of the same brood as ourselves; though it took England some eight years to understand that those of her children who had erected a new government "of the people and by the people" over in free America, were sufficiently strong to stand by themselves.

Listening thus, Roger was quick to catch the first crash of guns, and then as he heard the hurried roll of drums beating to quarters, he knew the battle was on—that Washington had consumed the major part of the night in crossing the dangerous river, and managed to reach Rall's camp soon after daybreak.

Circumstances conspired to favor the Americans in many ways.

As Roger had informed his commander, the Hessian colonel had agreed to dine with a rich trader, one Hunt, a neutral, and spend the night playing cards and drinking wine.

It had been hoped to strike while Rall was away from his command, which, without a leader, would be thrown into confusion, and yield to overpowering numbers the more readily; but unexpected difficulties had delayed the Americans so that they arrived some time after the hour planned for the attack.

But the fascinating play ran high at the house of the trader on this wild Christmas morning, the inclement weather made it much more comfortable indoors, and thus it happened that the unlucky Hessian, hearing the wild alarm, knew he had committed a fatal blunder, for which he might pay dearly with his life.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

Our two friends must have made extraordinary time through the wood, since they had covered considerable of territory after their abandonment of the useless horses; and at the time the alarm was sounded they found themselves close upon the border of the Hessian camp.

This was what they had desired above all things.

To be in the fight, to have an opportunity to strike once more in the name of liberty, to add their voices to the fierce shout that would peal from twenty-five hundred patriotic throats when the blow fell—what would they not sacrifice for all this?

"Let us hurry!" gasped Roger, already pretty well out of breath from his exertions; and while Nathan's good sense told him they could really do nothing to hasten their progress, yet was he ready to show a willigness to keep up with the ardent spirit of his young friend.

As they advanced the racket grew in volume.

The drums beat more shrilly, and shouts of excited men could be heard as they came tumbling out of their tents half awake, to become mixed up in sad confusion, for at such a time all discipline is at fault, and men who have been drilled as a unit prove utterly helpless when caught unawares.

The advancing patriots also began to give tongue, unable to longer hold aloof when the air was thrilled with such music that set their pulses madly jumping, so that already it had pretty much all the attributes of a battle starting in, save that the boom of cannon was lacking.

Presently our running couple could catch sight of men advancing through the woods—men who carried guns and many of whom were dressed in the well-known if sometimes dilapidated uniform adopted by the Continentals.

Roger took off his hat and shouted aloud. The sight of those three-cornered hats, ornamented with a buckle or a little cockade at the whim of the wearer, was like a draught of wine to him, filling him with pride and pleasure.

These were his comrades, his friends and fellow patriots, men who had given up almost everything for the sake of country. They were here because he had carried that valuable information to his general—here to snatch victory from the overbearing foe, and teach him that true-born Americans never slept.

Those whom they had thus discovered chanced to be a column sent to take the Hessians in the rear, to add to their confusion, and make resistance seem more and more a folly.

Though almost frozen by their dangerous passage over the river, they were now filled with burning zeal, and made the welkin ring with their shouts as they bore down upon the astounded and demoralized foe.

Then if ever did the Hessians need the presence of their commander, who at the moment was dashing along the road on his horse, swearing at the ill-fortune that wrought his downfall, whipping his steed and feeling not the icy breath of the storm that still raged, for there was one still more violent in his breast.

He knew he had committed an unpardonable breach of military discipline; for in addition to remaining away from his command all night he had also kept in his waistcoat pocket for some hours a communication which he had neglected to open because of the intense interest in the cardplay.

This, as was afterward discovered, was a note from a prominent Tory, warning the Colonel that the Continentals were even then landing in detachments after crossing the Delaware; and that evidently a well-planned coup was intended, probably with the intention of gobbling his command.

Which was still another evidence that Providence watched over the destinies of the young and feeble nation.

Just in time did Roger and the tall Yankee manage to join the ranks of the Continentals as they swept in upon the camp of the Hessians.

All was confusion here.

The drums still kept up a constant rolling, but that would soon come to a pause, for already were some of the Sons of Liberty heading toward the spot where the red-coated drummers stood, and when the bayonet had been thrust through and through each drum-head no further sounds could be expected there.

To the right and to the left the Continentals were pouring into the camp, to the utter consternation of the men who had been aroused from their sleep by the note of alarm.

They seemed to think it was raining patriots. Where else could all these wearers of the buff uniform come from, unless they had dropped from the sky?—for to the average Hessian mind it was utterly impossible to cross that swirling tide, with its grinding ice-floes ready to cut down any sort of vessel that attempted the passage.

They did not know the mettle of those valiant souls whose fortunes were bound up in the success or failure of this cruel war—men who had made such sacrifices as entered not into the minds of these stolid Hessians to conceive.

Roger was soon separated from the Yankee in the forward rush.

All the young fellow wanted was to share in the glorious work, he cared not in what humble capacity, so long as he could be in line when the surrender was an accomplished fact.

It was fortunate for the patriots that they had opposed to them a force accustomed to the heavy tactics then in vogue among military nations over in Europe. Had it been Americans who were thus surprised, instead of bunching together in a mass they would have occupied what houses were adjacent, and which they could turn into so many forts, firing from windows or portholes cut for the purpose, with demoralizing effect.

That species of warfare pertained to the forests, where the cunning of the backwoods settlers was matched against the scalp-hunting redskins. Over in their land they were wont to stand up in the open and give and receive until the spirit cried out enough.

The conditions did not favor a very sturdy resistance on the part of these hired soldiers.

In the first place, they had no heart in the struggle, but it was a matter of pounds, shillings and pence with them. Then again, they looked in vain for the commander from whom they were in the habit of taking orders, and his absence demoralized them considerably.

As a further excuse for inaction on their part, the bitterness of the sting of the weather at such an early hour of this Christmas day made fighting seem a positive nuisance, and the companionship of a jolly big fire the best thing going.

There were also rumors that among the Hessians were many who secretly sympathized with the plucky colonists in fighting against tyranny; and if this were really the case their readiness to throw up the sponge on this occasion can be the more readily understood.

Surely there was nothing of cowardice about it, for they were mercenaries, men whose trade was war, and who expressed themselves as willing to take up arms against even those with whom they had fraternized a few days before, if so be the price were acceptable.

Some shots were fired, and fighting took place.

It chanced that Roger was close to the spot where this thing was going on, so that he naturally took his share of the excitement.

One subaltern had managed to corral a bunch of his men, and although the folly of resistance must have appeared to him very forcibly, yet he tried to make a stand.

Perhaps he had some vague hope that if he might only hold the enemy off a certain length of time reinforcements would surely be sent from adjoining camps, and the day redeemed.

There is generally such a Rock of Chickamauga in nearly every battle, one who is in the wrong place, and who would have turned the tide of history had circumstances put him in supreme command instead of the gold-lace braggard whom influence has placed in charge.

The Continentals greeted this evidence of business with the utmost eagerness. It was just what they hankered after. They had been fortifying their appetites with the promise of serious trouble; and upon seeing their enemies taking up position and bringing their guns to bear the word passed along the line like wildfire that the big foreigners meant to offer resistance.

Washington was at another part of the field, and seeing to it that as fast as the soldiers yielded themselves up, rescue or no rescue, they were taken care of. The more the merrier, though to get them back across the river might indeed tax the resources of his first fleet of boats.

Indeed, he was so constituted that had the entire British army chosen to capitulate, Washington would have found some means for taking them into camp.

The move must be a quick one to succeed. With but twenty-five hundred men he could not expect to long keep the numerous thousands of Howe at bay, and having the frozen waters of the Delaware at his back, the only hope for Washington would have been to cut through, and make for the heights around Morristown, where he could hold ten times his number at bay with ease.

This move was made afterward, showing that he had marked out a line for action, no matter what happened.

It is the wise general who does that, covering every possibility.

Such men are never at a loss to know what to do when misfortune overtakes them in the battle of life.

Having an eager desire to take a fall out of the tall soldiers who had accepted the proverbial shilling of the king, Roger threw himself into the breach and went shoulder to shoulder with the on-rushing Continentals, who were bearing down upon this remnant of the foreign regiment.

Captains and lieutenants were bellowing orders, the men were shouting their glee, and the enemy engaged in mixing up a choice selection of German oaths that failed to either convince the patriots that they were dangerous customers, or put new faith in their own breasts.

In fact, they were sore afraid the whole American army had come back to the eastern side of the river, and that a fearful disaster confronted the hosts of the king, stretched along for miles as they were, with little to aid them in the line of entrenchments.

If Washington could have brought his entire command with him, perhaps the time might have been auspicious for a grand victory; but human endurance could not have stood more than had fallen to his portion in crossing that terrible stream.

He was satisfied with half a loaf at a time.

The force under the lieutenant received the onslaught of the feverish Colonials with a stolid front, as though they were mere machines, which in truth they might easily be called both through natural causes and the constant drilling received in the profession of arms which they followed.

To their minds every move on the part of an enemy called for a corresponding action on their side. The game was blocked out—there was no individual originality of resource. When a man made a lunge he knew what the answer must be according to the book, and also what he should follow it up with. With these farmers such tactics were wasted, for they did the most surprising things, refusing to respond with the proper caper, and actually clubbing their empty guns when occasion allowed. No wonder well-drilled troops were at a disadvantage when brought in contact with such "savages" as they termed the patriot host.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROGER COMES INTO HIS OWN.

At this hour on Christmas morning things were looking pretty interesting in the neighborhood of old Trenton.

Quite a number of events were in the course of happening.

For instance, while the Hessians, thrown

We Paid $100,000

For Liquozone, Yet We Give You a 50c. Bottle Free.

We paid $100,000 for the American rights to Liquozone; the highest price ever paid for similar rights on any scientific discovery. We did this after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, in this country and others. We cured all kinds of germ diseases with it—thousands of the most difficult cases obtainable. We proved that in germ troubles it always accomplishes what medicine cannot do. Now we ask you to try it—try it at our expense. Test it as we did; see what it does. Then you will use it always, as we do, and as millions of others do. You will use it, not only to get well, but to keep well. And it will save nearly all of your sickness.

Kills Inside Germs.

Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of $1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease. It is this fact that gives Liquozone its worth to humanity. And that worth is so great that we have spent over one million dollars to supply the first bottle free to each sick one we learned of.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

Asthma
Abscess—Anæmia
Bronchitis
Blood Poison
Bright's Disease
Bowel Troubles
Coughs—Colds
Consumption
Colic—Croup
Constipation
Catarrh—Cancer
Hay Fever—Influenza
Kidney Diseases
La Grippe
Liver Troubles
Malaria—Neuralgia
Many Heart Troubles
Piles—Pneumonia
Pleurisy—Quinsy
Rheumatism
Scrofula
Skin Diseases
Dysentery—Diarrhea
Dandruff—Dropsy
[illegible]
Eczema—Erysipelas
Fevers—Gall Stones
[illegible]
Gonorrhea—Gleet
[illegible]
Throat Troubles
Tuberculosis
Tumors—Ulcers
Varicocele
Women's Diseases

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please, accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c. and $1

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to The Liquozone Company, 458-464 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is........................

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

....

....

....

M308 Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

into more or less disorder by the startling appearance of the Continentals from beyond the icy river, were putting up some sort of a weak defense, before throwing up the sponge and submitting to the inevitable, their anxious commander, having heard the roar of drums and shouts of excited men that told of battle, was heading wildly along the road, hoping and praying to arrive upon the scene ere it was too late for him to retrieve his fatal blunder. His reputation hung in the balance, and he was ready to sacrifice his very life if by such means he might save some shred of his honor.

And in yet another quarter messengers were flying over the hard road in the direction of headquarters, carrying to General Howe the news of this brilliant stroke of genius on the part of the patriot commander.

Preparations had been made to waylay these couriers, and in several cases they were gobbled up by the Continentals; but one managed to make a detour, and thus the startling intelligence was borne to Howe

Ere he could form his lines and begin to march upon the scene of battle the bold assailants would have time to withdraw once more to their side of the river, where they would be safe from attack.

Roger Hale had been everywhere on that wonderful morning, eager to witness all that took place. He had served as a messenger for the commander, when the order went forth to charge the detachment of the enemy that had sullenly refused to recognize the decree of fate, and yield themselves prisoners of war. Then, filled with the zeal of battle, he had joined the ranks of the cheering patriots who rushed forward to carry the order into execution.

Never had a Christmas morning echoed with such tempestuous sounds, in all the centuries that had flown. On this day devoted to peace and thanksgiving these desperate sons of free America were determined to carve out for themselves a name in history that must ever be handed down in a blaze of imperishable glory.

There was a scattering volley, which however did not appear to do much damage, and then the two lines became mixed up in a scramble, the Hessians dismayed at this unprecedented style of fighting, and really at a loss what to do without their leader.

Roger had the pleasure of accepting the surrender of two tall soldiers in succession, who were turned over to the guard.

He rather enjoyed the novel experience, and was prepared to keep the game up indefinitely, just so long as the supply of foreign mercenaries held out; when suddenly his attention was diverted from the main issue by a little incident that occurred, and which proved to have a decided bearing upon his own private fortunes

It came to pass in this manner:

When the company of Hessians that showed the most resistance were being convinced through argument and threats that it would be to their interest to give up to circumstances over which they had so little control, Roger chanced to see a figure scurrying down the road, and bearing some sort of a burden under his arm.

Ordinarily the sight would not have called for more than a passing glance, since the man did not wear the uniform of a soldier, and might be simply one of the near-by householders, alarmed because of such riotous demonstrations near his domestic roof, and filled with a desire to emigrate until it was all over.

That package might represent some of his more valuable belongings about which he was chiefly concerned. If he could not give a good account of himself to the patriots strung across the road farther down, he would be stripped of his burden, for comforts seemed very scarce in the Continental camp, and the followers of Washington were rapidly coming to the conclusion that it was a sheer waste of good manners to allow Tories who sympathized with their enemies to enjoy luxuries while they shivered in the cold, and went hungry half of the time.

This might have been, but it did not happen so, for Roger was immediately struck by something very familiar in the gait of this slouching figure, and his heart gave a sudden bound at the thought of thus running across the very man of all those in New Jersey whom he most wished to see—the faithless guardian who had seized his little patrimony and fled to the British lines, it was believed, giving as an excuse for his perfidy that the young fellow, by casting his lot with the rebels, had forfeited all claim to his property

For some time Roger had been inclined to believe that Hiram Westerfelt must have managed to reach New York, or else sailed to the other side.

So that it was a great surprise, as well as pleasure, for him, when he came to watch the peculiar gait of this man who slunk away, and compare it with the well-remembered walk of his guardian.

Nor was he at all inclined to allow this golden opportunity to escape him.

If fortune had been so very kind as to throw the chance into his lap, his should be the privilege to take advantage of it, or in the future he could hardly complain.

Accordingly he started in quick pursuit.

With all that racket going on around, shouts and cheers and occasional discharges of guns, it was impossible that the fleeing man should hear anything that would tell him he was pursued.

It must have been only conscience that caused him to turn around and cast an anxious look backward during the progress of his flight.

What he saw was what every guilty man must expect to discover sooner or later upon his track. He may have imagined that it was a ghost of the young patriot, but all the same he manifested the most ardent desire to get away from that neighborhood, capable of producing such specters, for he tried to quicken his pace, and gave evidence of severe fright.

Roger cast all other issues aside, and devoted himself to the one task of overhauling this figure.

If the glorious Christmas dawn had witnessed one bitter disappointment, it gave abundant evidence of being ready to make ample amends, for surely things had taken a turn for the better, and were heading in his favor.

Faster flew the frightened fugitive ahead, but try as he would his efforts only seemed to arouse a corresponding activity on the part of the one who coursed along in his wake, steadily shortening the territory separating them and coming up by leaps and bounds

The worthy burgher was gasping for breath, the combined result of his unusual pace, and the deadly fear that caused the sweat to stand out on his forehead in great clammy beads, while his limbs trembled under his weight.

Retribution stared him in the face.

The fierce sounds of the battle had been quite sufficient to give him a severe fright, even when his own individual safety did not appear to be endangered; and now that the game seemed to have come up to him, he trembled for his precious life.

Much as he loved money, all that he owned would he gladly give if by so doing he could purchase his miserable existence. He magnified the evil he had wrought, and fancied that Roger must now be intent upon avenging himself in some bloody manner.

He knew he could not keep this up much longer, and his last desperate hope was that he might run across some patrol of the enemy from whom he could demand protection from his bitter pursuer.

Even that seemed to fail him, and at last, hearing the quick steps of the other close behind, he gave a shriek of despair, and fell in a shuddering heap, his arms extended over the package he clutched so wildly.

And so Roger Hale found him, after his long and weary search. The hand of Fate had indeed guided him, for so long as he sought this man he was unable to locate him, and yet no sooner had he given the search up than lo! he had been led directly to his secret hiding-place, from whence the sly old fox had been routed by the clash of hostile armies, and the fear lest he be cremated in a burning house.

Roger stood over him and, breathing hard from his chase, looked down upon the [illegible] figure of the man who had wronged him. He was not enraged, only satisfied, because it began to appear that after all justice was about to be done. And he had wanted that money so much for the sake of the cause he served.

"So, we meet again, Hiram. This is a strange place to demand an accounting of your stewardship, but in these troublous times we must expect to do queer things. Therefore, deliver up my patrimony, if you wish to escape with your miserable life," he said sternly.

"Have patience, and all will be done according to your wish," gasped the cowering wretch. "I have been searching for you everywhere, Roger. I dared not leave the money in any house, and even the banks are not safe. So I have been guarding it well, and it is ready to your hand, here in this package. You believe me—you would not think too badly of one who really and truly has your interest at heart. See for yourself, and spare me, because I am an old man."

Roger waited not to be asked, but had hooked onto the package, which he was opening with feverish haste.

Well did he know the amount of his inheritance to a shilling. It was not a great deal, but at such a time when every penny counted it might go a little way toward purchasing food for the sorely-tried army.

He was only too willing to make the sacrifice. Should the colonies win in the end he could, he believed, easily work out his own salvation, being young and energetic; while should they lose he did not expect that he would live to see the day of their despair.

The old miser watched his actions like a hawk. He was ready to purchase his liberty by the sacrifice of the spoils which he had taken from this young man; but the love of gold was always strong in his heart, and it wrenched his very soul to think of parting with any of the shining metal.

Inside the bundle Roger found two bags made of some strong material, each of which proved fairly heavy.

One was marked with a black letter, the first of his name, and he took it for granted that it must contain his inheritance, the results of his father's life savings

And the other was doubtless a goodly portion of the old miser's [illegible] property, which he thus carried around with him, preferring to accept the risk of robbery rather than leave his valuables in a depository that must be in sympathy with the hated rebel cause.

Roger smiled.

He had only contempt for the wretch before him, and knew moreover that to a certainty Hiram must have much more than twice this amount hidden away in some secret cache, so that he would not be apt to suffer if the whole were taken by Washington.

It was Christmas morning, and fortune had decreed that the crabbed and unscrupulous old miser should be one of those marked to give—unwillingly it is true—the most acceptable gift which the hungry and ragged Continental army could wish for.

He saw the anticipated design in the manner in which Roger began to weigh the two little sacks in his hands; and filled with dire dismay he threw himself flat on his face, begging and beseeching that he might at least retain his own.

Roger was filled with contempt rather than pity for the old scamp.

He had never trusted him, and it had always been a source of wonder to him how his father came to put such implicit confidence in the man. Perhaps he had not always been of this nature; or it might be he had succeeded in concealing his true character from the confiding, unsuspicious provincial.

"This belongs to me, and hence I appropriate the same without apology. As to the other, you shall have a chance to plead your cause before General Washington, whom I see over yonder gathering his men and their prisoners for the return journey. It is well known that you have sided with our enemies, giving them shelter while at your house, and even sending information about the movements of the American army. We shall see how they intend to treat such traitors to the cause from this time on. Come, then, Hiram Westerfelt, and plead your claim, for I warn you that our brave lads do not intend to longer put up with this sort of thing—that all Tories are to be classed as enemies, and their goods seized."

The weeping miser trotted along behind him like a vassal of the olden times, and in this manner they came to where Washington sat upon his horse, giving rapid orders for the concentration of his troops, preparatory to another bold crossing of the icy flood—only this time they would have almost one thousand prisoners to take with them, besides much spoils in the way of provisions and raiment.

Into his charge then did Roger deliver the second bag, with a brief account in connection with Hiram. The General in his usual decisive way declared he would hold onto the bag, and that the claimant might if he so chose accompany them to camp, where he could show cause why his property should not be confiscated by the army of the new Republic, as spoils wrested from the enemy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HEARTS OF OAK.

The effect of this manifesto of the commanding general upon the miser was just what might be expected.

Hiram began to wring his lean hands and lament the cruel hardship that threatened to leave him penniless in his old age. He sobbed, and endeavored to get hold of the General's hand to pour out his woes and beseech mercy; but while the brave Washington often found his heart wrung with anguish over the privations of his own patriotic boys, who were ready to die for their beloved country, he could look unmoved upon such a cringing wretch.

As he started his horse in motion and rode off, the wretched Hiram dropped to the ground again, tearing at his white hair and screeching in disgust.

Roger learned later, however, that he never showed his face in the camp of the patriots. Possibly he considered that what was gone could not be recovered, and that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush. There was always a chance that if the hard-fighting soldiers of Washington got him in their power they might try some means to make him disgorge another portion of his ill-gotten gains as a ransom, and, being a sly old fox, he had concluded that life presented some compensations even when shorn of a slice of his plunder.

In such manner, therefore, did the savings of a Tory materially assist in bringing certain comforts into the camp of the patriots whose cause he despised. It was another case of good springing from evil, and that the end often justifies the means.

The bugles were now sounding the retreat, and in every direction could be seen the heavily-burdened Continentals heading once more for that place on the river bank where their batteaux had been left.

Never up to this hour had such merriment abounded in their ranks. And all privations of the miserable past were forgotten in the joy of the present.

It was indeed a strange spectacle that sacred morn presented, and one that, when told from mouth to mouth, would do wonderful things in arousing the drooping fires of patriotism throughout the new states of the Republic.

Men whose time was up would re-enlist again instead of returning to their homes discouraged at the outlook. Robert Morris would find it easier to procure the fifty thousand dollars which Washington needed so badly, and in various ways would the cause of the patriots be advanced by the wonderful success attending this bold coup of the wide-awake commander of the army.

Wherever Washington appeared the men cheered him. More than ever did they realize that he must ever be the main bulwark supporting the tremendous issues which they had raised when they defied the power of Great Britain to subdue the brightly blazing fires of liberty.

The retreat was conducted with masterly skill, so those who witnessed it have declared in their record of that venturesome crossing.

It may readily be understood that a master mind had charge of the details, when the fact is taken into consideration that this army crossed a stream considered impassable on account of the running ice, took the enemy by surprise, captured about a thousand prisoners, killed a number, including the commander of the Hessians, who arrived just in time to try and lead a forlorn hope, and be cut down. And all this with but a loss of four men, two of whom were frozen to death through accidents in crossing.

Colonel Rall redeemed himself at the expense of his life, but it was a generous foe to whom he delivered up his sword; and before leaving Trenton it is recorded that Washington and his compatriot, Greene, visited the dying Hessian, and gave him such sympathy as one brave soldier finds

(Continued on page twelve.)

Hearts of Oak.

(Continued from page eleven.)

:t in his heart to offer a defeated and stricken foe.

General Howe, upon being apprised of what was going on, of course began to hastily gather his forces, under the impression that an attack all along the line was intended. This consumed time, and gave the Americans an opportunity to get to the oposite side of the Delaware in safety, where they could mock the rage of the British, knowing full well that there were no means whereby the hostile army could pursue until the ice hardened sufficiently to allow men and guns to cross it.

It was not so serious a proposition making the crossing in full daylight.

And, besides, familiarity had shorn the adventure of some of its terrors, so that the patriots were singing while they worked at the poles or the sweeps, forcing a passage through the heavy pack ice.

The boats had to make several journeys, since there were almost half as many again to be ferried over now as had crossed in the darkness of night.

And it may be taken for granted that the succeeding night saw a period of feasting and rejoicing in the American camp. Not since the fatal day when the farmers of Lexington and Concord, united under the name of Minute Men, fired upon the soldiers of the King sent to seize the ammunition said to be kept in one of the villages, had the cause of the patriots seemed so full of promise.

Roger was quite satisfied with the way things were going.

His young mind could not anticipate what dark shadows the future might throw upon the cause. He believed that, after this, Parliament must see the folly of trying to whip the rebellious colonies back into slavery, and would grant their freedom.

Only those who looked far ahead, and understood the tremendous stubbornness of the British heart could realize what fearful things lay in store for the young nation ere the end was reached.

Washington knew. With prophetic vision he could read the future, could discount the tenacious manner in which King George would hang on to the idea of winning out by sheer force of numbers and supplies. So that while he too rejoiced in the good fortune that was theirs this glad day, he did not let his gratification run away with his reason.

That evening just after holding a consultation with his officers, he gave our young friend Roger Hale an audience.

The warm pressure of Washington's hand and the words which he spoke were ample reward for all the lad had done. He counted danger nothing if by putting his life in peril he might assist the cause he adored.

"It shall be remembered, my brave boy. Even now I have arranged that you shall become a lieutenant in the company of Captain Nathan Badger, who was telling me all that you have done of late. While the flame of liberty is kept alive by such heroic souls, I shall never despair, no matter how dark the sky may appear, for no people with such sons can be easily subdued. And in the name of the Continental Congress I thank you, Roger Hale. The same blood flows in your veins that caused your lamented uncle to declare his only regret was that he had but one life to give for his country."

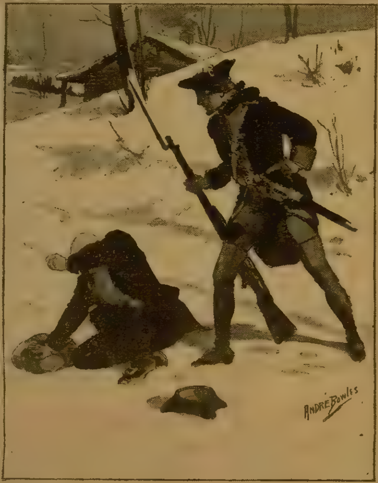
Those kindly words of the immortal Washington have been handed down with pardonable pride through the family of Roger Hale to this latter day; and not one of his descendants but who cherishes the sentiments thus expressed more than he does all the material wealth that has accrued to the family.

But Roger had not come there to be thus rewarded for having done what he considered his duty.

After he had recovered in a measure from his surprise and confusion, he spoke of the little incident connected with Hiram Westerfelt.

The General remembered and smiled.

"I caused an investigation to be made as soon as we reached camp, and the report shows ample reasons why this money of your former guardian should be confiscated for the good of the cause. He has been a rabid Tory, a friend of the King's soldiers, assisting them by every means in his power. There are grave charges against him, to the effect that he was primarily responsible for a reverse which an expedition of our men met with some months ago, because he betrayed them to the British for a consideration. It might go hard with Master Hiram Westerfelt should he be bold enough to appear here; but honestly, I do not expect to ever see him again; and his money has gone for a good purpose. We look upon it as one of our Christmas gifts," said Washington, seriously.



"Do we meet again, Hiram?"

"Then here is yet another, which it is my earnest desire to place in your hands, to do with what seems best. I give it freely, and would to God it were ten times the amount," with which the young fellow pressed a small sack into his commander's hands.

"What is this—something else you took from Master Hiram? I remember it was said he had fled, carrying off the bulk of what your good father had left to you. Is this your inheritance, my brave boy, and do you really mean that it shall be used to further the purposes of our Congress? I thank Heaven for such as you. Such incidents go far toward convincing me that with a just cause, and sturdy hearts ready to bleed and die for their country, we must surely win sooner or later. There are humane men and women over in England, whose influence will yet wear out the savage instincts of the war party."

"Then you accept the little gift, all that I can place upon the altar?" demanded the delighted young soldier, his face lighted up with enthusiasm.

Washington looked at him with serious mien, but there was a pride in the gleam of his eyes, and the pressure of his hand told how the incident stirred his heart. In the midst of grave difficulties, which had been averted only temporarily by the success of his daring raid, he could turn aside for a brief time, and see the glorious sun of promise rising behind the dark clouds, fed by such willing fuel as this young patriot's sacrifice.

"Yes, in the name of our Congress I also accept your gift, young sir, and the more readily because it is known to me that you are alone in the world, and consequently rob no one in thus bestowing it upon your country. We must every man of us be willing not only to give up our material possessions, but mayhap our lives as well. Depend upon it this shall be put to the best of uses in supplying the needs of those helpless ones who would otherwise lack for bread while their fathers and brothers are with us fighting for freedom. God bless you, my boy, and may you live to see your beloved country enjoying the prosperity your arms shall have so nobly assisted in bringing to pass."

Roger went out into the frosty air feeling as though he could never again experience the cold, for his cheeks burned with the happiness of having been the means of adding at least his mite toward building up the hopes of that sorely harrassed man upon whom the whole country looked as the destined savior of the feeble little nation.

Nathan soon seized upon him and dragged him away to become acquainted with those alongside of whom he was to serve from this time on.

It was something to be proud of, this being made an officer for valor shown; and naturally, as a young fellow, he thought how pleased he would be to show himself at some future time to sweet Mistress Rebecca Harkness; but there was something even more satisfactory than this upward step in his material prosperity—the warm commendation of General George Washington.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE REWARD OF VALOR.

It is not our intention to follow Roger's fortunes through the long and dreadful years of bloody warfare, during which the hopes of the Continentals arose and fell many times as success or failure was meted out to them.

The same valorous spirit that prompted him to risk his life in the camp of General Howe took him into numerous dangers, and more than once it even looked as though he were fated to meet the same death that had been the portion of his stout-hearted relative, Nathan Hale, hanged as a spy by the British; but some kindly fortune watched over him and guarded him against so dire a fate, so that he was enabled to escape from the old prison in Rose street, New York, where so many of his compatriots died and were buried.

The older he grew the more firmly did he decide that he would never lay down his arms until England had granted the just demands of her former colonies, and recognized the new nation as a kindred people.

At the battle of Monmouth, when Lee so treacherously ordered the Continentals to retreat when their chances for victory were so bright, Captain Nathan fell at the head of his little band; and it was over his prostrate form that Lieutenant Hale rallied his handful of patriots, holding the enemy in check for a brief period. But even this may not have had to do with the ultimate outcome, since Washington was enabled to come up, and bitterly upbraiding his subordinate for cowardice, led his almost demoralized army back again upon the field, past the spot where Roger was holding the right wing of the British in check, and the engagement being furiously renewed, Clinton was forced to finally retreat by nightfall, having lost heavily in men and prestige.

In that swamp Nathan Badger passed away, his hand in that of his young friend and Roger found himself more affected than he had ever been before. Though a crude genius, Nathan had shown his ardent patriotism on many occasions, and in his death the cause of liberty lost one of its bulwarks.

Fortunately there were many like him, and surely the young man who stepped into his shoes as captain of the ranger company proved his ability to carry on the good work.

Roger wrote his aspirations on every field where the hostile armies came face to face.

Wounded he was on several occasions, but it seemed as though some mysterious influence surrounded him, keeping at bay the grim monster. Perhaps the prayers of the fair maid who thought of him day and night had to do with the almost miraculous manner in which he escaped where others fell. Whatever the talisman, he was alive and in fair health when the long and cruel war came to an end—still a captain, because he had refused to entertain any higher rank on account of his age, when there were others just as well entitled to the promotion, with families to rejoice in the honor.

Not because he felt the least interest in the fortunes of Hiram Westerfelt, but through mere curiosity, he made certain inquiries concerning the man who had betrayed his trust as guardian, and found that for some reason or other he had fled, probably with the remainder of his hoard, into the interior. He was known to be in the Wyoming Valley at the time Butler and his savage Indian allies descended upon the homes of the settlers, and no doubt

This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And, I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "all right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Washer."

And, I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But, I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I sold 200,000 that way already—two million dollars' worth.)

So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now I know what our "1900 Washer" will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine.

When I say half the time I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes.

I'm in the Washing Machine business for Keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied.

Our "1900 Washer" does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And, it don't wear the clothes, nor fray edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might

If people only knew how much hard work the "1900 Washer" saves every week, for 10 years,—and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it.

So said I, to myself, I'll just do with my "1900 Washer" what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold 200 000 Washers.

Let me send you a "1900 Washer" on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Washer" must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened, for Washing Clothes,—the quickest, easiest and handiest Washer on Earth. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60c a week send me 50c a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself! Drop me a line today and let me send you a book about the "1900 Washer," that washes Clothes in 6 minutes. Or, I'll send the machine on to you, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way,

R. F. Beiber. 560 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Don't delay, write me a post card, now while you think of it.

perished like many a nobler soul during that reign of terror.

There were none to mourn the miser, for in life he had made no friends, and basely betrayed the one trust given over into his keeping.

When Philadelphia again came into the hands of the patriots Roger lost no time in finding some sort of mission to take him within the boundaries of the city where the first Congress had sat in session.

Nor was it at all strange that he should presently make his appearance at the home where he understood Rebecca had been staying for some months.

Many stories had reached his ears concerning the furore her beauty had created among the young officers of His Majesty's regiments; but Roger could afford to smile at such tales, knowing as he did that he held the sacred promise of a certain little Quaker maiden to be his own forever, just as soon as the articles of peace were signed.

On her part she had managed to keep track of her lover's doings, and, as is ever the case with fond hearts, his every act was magnified into the most astonishing deeds.

He was her hero. She applauded his sentiments when she heard how he had insisted upon Washington's accepting every penny of his patrimony. Indeed, on her own part she gave almost everything that came to her from the estate that was held in trust, and could she have obtained possession of the whole it was in her devoted heart to have impoverished herself in order that no loyal family should want for sustenance while the head of the same was at the front doing his duty as he saw it.

There were many like her, else would the cause of freedom have been choked ere it obtained a good foothold in the New World. Good women and men capable of making sacrifices, who deemed it but their duty to devote their all to aiding those in the field.

The success of a cause does not wholly depend upon those who fight the battles, although theirs may be the glory. Ofttimes those who are never heard of in history—the silent givers—are the mainspring of success.

Though his stay in the Quaker City was brief, Roger Hale received new inspiration with which to continue his fight against the oppressor. With every breath that fair girl fanned the flame of patriotism within his breast, and well did he know that he must needs continue to perform valorous deeds if he ever expected to prove himself worthy of her love.

She must indeed have been satisfied with what he did, for they were married shortly after the treaty of peace was signed, and the record can still be seen in the book devoted to such purposes in the old meeting-house where her ancestors had been wont to worship.

Captain Hale took up some profession about this time—the law, some accounts say; but whatever it may have been one can be positive that he made a success of it, for with such a nature failure was an unknown quantity.

And where did the young couple take their wedding trip but to Trenton, for somehow both of them wished very much to walk over the ground again and again where they had met by chance after their separation.

The old mansion had survived the ravages of war and time, and Master Sprague still occupied it, though he had been shorn of much of his wealth by friend and foe, and was content to spend most of his time within the boundaries of his estate, shunned by those who remembered that he had sided with their enemies at the time the country needed the strong arm of every faithful son.

The old man was glad enough to welcome his niece again. It seemed to be a red-letter day in his lonely life.

Roger held nothing against him on account of the past, and did all he could to brighten up his life during the time they spent there.

Again, with this sweet one at his side he went over the incidents connected with his perilous trip across to the hostile side of the Delaware; and sitting in a boat, with the warm evening air breathing a benediction upon them, they talked of those dreary days in the long ago, when hope was well nigh dead in the hearts of patriots, and of the inspiration which caused Washington to plan his wonderful raid upon the sleeping army of his adversary, Howe.

Again did Roger narrate the whole thrilling story, which appeared to be invested with additional interest because they were at that moment on the very scene of the crossing, though it was hard to contemplate those verdant shores and imagine the grim surroundings on that famous Christmas eve, with the river full of sharp-pointed cakes of heavy ice, and a blizzard sweeping down out of the Frost King's domain, forming a combination that few but American hearts would have dared defy.

A few words more, and our tale is at an end, and these concern one of the characters who had long since given up his life for his country—Captain Nathan Badger. Roger knew that his eccentric Yankee friend had found an opportunity to avenge his wrongs of the past, and it always pleased him to remember that in carriyng out his vow the patriot had not allowed himself to descend to the level of the brute he had sworn to kill; but had met him in fair battle, and Heaven was with the right, for the slayer of innocence fell at his hands.

The End.

My simple vegetable remedy that cures all female diseases and piles I will send free to every sufferer. Write Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 25, Kokomo, Ind.

Point of View.

"There are as many different views of life as there are people in the world," said the philosopher.

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the contrary person. "We are not all amateur photographers."

Paying the Penalty.

(Continued from page five.)

The porter was near the outer door."

"Earl Kellogg, the banker's nephew. This, then, is the young man who bears such a striking resemblance to the supposed robber?"

"Well, so the collector thought."

"Yes, I have visited the express office. He doubts if he could identify the man."

Here Earl glanced up and his eyes met those of the newcomer, who seemed to be gazing at him intently.

"You—are the banker's nephew? Your name is Kellogg?"

"Right, in each case," said Earl, who felt extremely nervous under the piercing gaze of the questioner's black eyes.

"You more resemble a Southerner than one of this clime," the stranger said.

"I formerly resided in North Carolina," said Earl.

"Ah, that accounts for it! Well, I must be going. By the way—Mr. Terry, I believe——"

"Yes; I see you remember names well," said Lawrence.

"Not only names, but faces as well. I never forget a face—never, even though the years from infancy to manhood may have intervened. But are you quite certain, Mr. Terry, that none of the bills making up that package were the bils of defunct banks?"

"Why, certainly I am. That money was shipped to satisfy the demands of a draft. Each bill was carefully inspected when received in this bank, and as carefully scrutinized by both the express collector and myself when the package was made up. Not a dollar was there but would stand at par with coin. But why that question? You have a schedule of the banks."

"That question? Oh, I——"

The eyes of the gentleman in navy blue were again on the eyes of the teller.

Earl abruptly turned from his desk and approached a window facing the street.

"I—I thought that perhaps if there was but one, and that one found its way back to the bank, it might prove of assistance in this case."

"Why, man! The collector being robbed, those bills not reaching their destination, even admitting there was such a bill, how would it ever be returned?"

"True, true!" quickly exclaimed the gentleman. "It will prove a difficult case; but I have fathomed deeper mysteries. I have been working on one for years, with never a clue until today. Many thanks for your information. Good-evening."

"You are welcome, sir, and I hope you may win the ten thousand reward. Good-evening."

The gentleman in blue passed from the bank.

"What do you think of our new friend, Earl?" asked the cashier.

"I hardly know what to think," replied the teller, who had returned to his station and who seemed yet more nervous than before. "He seems a queer genius."

"The idea of his asking if it was not possible for a wild-cat bill to be in that package, and thinking if there was it would be returned to us, when he knew that the package never reached the Central Bank."

"Something strange about that—very strange," Earl said, thoughtfully.

"He was lost in contemplating your features, Earl. I hardly believe he knew what he was saying."

"He may be some crank whom that reward offer has brought forward," said Earl.

"That man is no fool," remarked Terry. "I imagine he has seen no small part of this globe. He must be all of forty. What piercing black eyes he has—as black as yours."

"Were his eyes black?"

"Very. He might be over here from Europe on this case. He is a shrewd man, notwithstanding his blunder, and probably an old detective. Did you notice his accent? I hardly think he is a native of this country."

"Did you ascertain his name, Mr. Terry?"

"No, he did not inform me, and I did not care to inquire. But in my opinion we shall see that man again. If the matter of that robbery is ever ferreted out, I believe he will prove an important factor in the case."

"He may. It is 4 o'clock."

"True. We will close the bank."

Once on the street Earl remarked:

"Do you take tea with your intended tonight? If so, I shall have company going north."

"I am going home to tea," replied Terry, "but shall call later and inquire about Janette. Poor girl! She does not rally very fast. I trust we shall not lose her."

"Oh, the doctor says her case is by no means critical. I will report to Laura that you will call."

"Thanks," and each young man went his way.

Many times ere Earl reached the banker's residence he asked himself this question:

"What did that man mean by asking Terry if he was certain that none of the bills making up that package were the bills of a defunct bank? What did he mean? Who is he? What is he? A detective, certainly; but I fail to see——"

The young man entered the house and made his way to his room to resume his speculations regarding the man in navy blue.

Another installment of this romantic story will appear in the Ledger of next week. To every regular subscriber we still send our patterns and cameras free as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Now They Don't Speak.

Nell—By the way, do you happen to know Mr. De Smythe?

Bess—No, I think not. Who is the party aforesaid?

Nell—Why, he's a gentleman that—er—raves about me.

Bess—Poor fellow! What lunatic asylum is he confined in?

Happy is the man who is too busy to find fault.

An engineer declares that 50,000 people now do the work with the aid of machinery which needed 16,000,000 persons to do a few years ago.

Wedderly—Why don't you join our "Don't Worry Club," old man?

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2 GLADIOLUS, Groff's New Hybrids, new type.
1 MONTBRETIA SULPHUREA, golden yellow.
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Readers will wonder why we can make such a liberal offer. It is done as an advertisement for the WOMAN'S WORLD. WOMAN'S WORLD contains from 16 to 32 pages every issue, printed in colors and handsomely illustrated. It is full of good reading, has many departments for the home, up-to-date fashions and other information which makes it a most valuable publication. The Woman's World has a circulation of 800,000 copies each issue. We are anxious to reach the 1,000,000 mark, and in order to get a lot of new subscribers we offer these ten bulbs and a year's subscription to Mayflower Magazine to every reader who sends 25 cents for a year's subscription to our paper, which is the WOMAN'S WORLD. Simply send the 25 cents for a year's subscription to the Woman's World and state you desire the ten bulbs and the subscription to the Mayflower free. Add.

WOMAN'S WORLD, BULB DEPARTMENT, CHICAGO, ILL.

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THE GREEDY MONKEY.

In a nice little house in a meadow lived a fine, young crab, who was courteous and obliging to all whom he met. One day, having found a piece of delicious rice cake, he was hurrying home when he met a monkey with whom he was slightly acquainted.

"What are you going to do with that old stale rice cake?" exclaimed the monkey. "If you want to get rid of it I'll give you this persimmon seed in return!"

The crab, seeing that his friend was longing for the cake, willingly consented to exchange, and carried the seed home carefully, while the monkey sat down and devoured his rice cake in two bites.

The seed was of no use for food; so, after he had rested awhile from his walk, the crab dug a hole in the hillside and planted it. Before long a tiny shoot appeared and grew rapidly into a fine, large persimmon tree. The crab felt amply repaid for his unselfish conduct as he sat in the cool of the evening at the door of his house and gazed at the ripening fruit.

One morning who should happen to call but the monkey who had given him the seed! After they had chatted a few minutes the monkey said:

"That is a splendid tree, brother, to have grown from so small a seed. And how it is laden with fruit! I suppose you would have no objection to giving me a few?"

"Well, I don't know how I can gather them," answered his friend.

"Oh, I'll climb the tree for you and throw them down."

"Very well," said the crab.

The monkey ascended the tree and began picking and eating the persimmons as fast as he could, pelting the generous crab with the seeds. The crab tried to treat it as a joke; but when the monkey began filling his pockets with the rest of the fruit he became indignant.

Concealing his anger, however, he challenged the greedy thief to descend headforemost. The monkey, however, suspecting no trick and anxious to show off his climbing, accepted the dare; and the persimmons, of course, fell out of his pockets and were seized by their owner before he could recover from his surprise.

Hurrying into the house, the crab fastened the door and pretended not to hear the monkey knocking, and pleading for "just one word." When evening came, all was quiet, and so the crab ventured out and sat down, as usual, on his veranda; but the monkey, who had merely been hiding and biding his time, pounced upon him and gave him such a thrashing that he left him for dead.

The falling dew revived the poor fellow at last, and he hobbled back into his house.

As soon as he was alone, he went in search of a certain rice kettle, who was a devoted friend to him, and asked his aid.

"Fear nothing, my dear crab," exclaimed the kettle; "the business shall be attended to immediately."

Taking with him three servants, a seaweed, an egg and a wasp, the kettle set off for the monkey's house. No one was at home. He ordered the egg to hide in the ashes, the wasp in the closet and the seaweed behind the door, and climbed up to a high shelf himself to wait for the monkey's return.

Toward night the monkey opened the door cautiously and looked in. Seeing no one, he went over to the fire to light it, but the egg burst right in his face, blinding and burning him. He started to run to the well for cool water, but slipped on the sea-weed, which was waiting behind the door; and as he fell the wasp flew out from the closet and stung him, and the rice kettle leaped from the high shelf right on top of his proctrate form and crushed him.

Thus was the monkey punished for his greed and cruelty, but the crab lived to a good old age, and passed his days in the cultivation of persimmons and in deeds of kindness and generosity.

Positive Engagement.

Mrs. Cummings was busy at her desk when Ned, an "old-time" darkey who had been a servant in her family since "befo' de wah" days, approached her, and with many apologies for the interruption asked: "Miss Sally, can I git off two weeks from today? I has to go to town, ma'am."

"Two weeks from today? Why, I think so, Ned. What are you going to do in town?" inquired Mrs. C. kindly.

"I wants to go to a fun'al, Miss Sally; a frien' of mine's gwine to be buried den," said Ned.

"You do not mean two weeks, then, Ned," returned Mrs. C.

"Yase, 'm, Miss Sally, it's two weeks from today; hain't dat de twenty-fust?"

"Yes, two weeks from today will be the twenty-first, but you must be mistaken; they could not keep the body so long, except in a vault."

Mrs. C. was now thoroughly puzzled by the old darkey's request and wondered what it could all mean. She knew none of Ned's "set" could afford to pay for a vault, and how could they be making arrangements for a funeral two weeks hence, with the prospective corpse still alive? The thought made her shudder.

"Well, 'm, dat de day," said Ned.

"But how can you be so sure? Suppose your friend is not dead by that time?"

"Oh, yase, 'm, he sholy will be by de twenty-fust; dat's de day he's gwine to be buried, 'nless he gits out befo'."

"Ned, what do you mean? When did he die?" asked Mrs. C.

"Oh, he ain't daid yet, Miss Sally, but he sholy will die, 'case he's gwine to be hung dat day, and dey'll be a fun'al all right."

Items of Interest.

Veils and gloves are worn by Japanese sentries when on duty. This is to prevent mosquito bites, and resultant malaria.

The costliest land in England is near the bank of England. There the land commands $375 a square foot, or at the rate of $16,335,000 an acre.

A full-blooded Oneida Indian, named Purcell Powless, grandson of a chief of the tribe, has just been appointed a motorman on a street railroad in St. Louis. His Indian name is Soda-Wah.

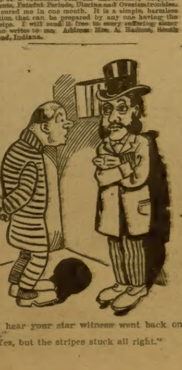
The savings banks deposits per capita are lower in Italy than in any other country, averaging only 15 cents for each person. In Denmark they are highest, being $96.41 for each resident. In the United States they are $47.38.

A lady of remarkable height, and evidently of an ardent temperament, inserted this advertisement in the Baltimore American: "For Sale—House in good neighborhood, by an invalid lady three stories high and heated with furnace."

Female street beggars in London, if they do not possess children of their own, patronize a house where infants may be hired, at the rate of twelve cents a day for each child. The youngsters are intended to arouse the sympathy of tender-hearted pedestrians.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhœa, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hudson, South Bend, Indiana.



"I hear your star witness went back on you."

"Yes, but the stripes stuck all right."

Free to Weak Men

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We will gladly send to anyone, free of charge, a trial treatment of our wonderful treatments for the cure of men who are suffering from nervous debility, loss of vitality, vital weakness, unnatural drains at night, varicocele, and all the evil results of early indiscretions; also stricture, blood poison in the first, second or third stage, and all other venereal or private diseases of men.

We feel it a waste of time and space to go into details to tell you what these wonderful remedies have done for others. The quickest way to convince you that the remedies will do all that we claim for them is to have you give them a trial. As the old saying is, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

We earnestly and sincerely ask you to write to us at once, and on receipt of your letter we will immediately mail you a trial of the remedies, and a sufficient quantity to convince you that this treatment is what you have so long looked for in vain, and a treatment that will quickly restore you to your full manly strength and vigor. Simply send your name and address to the Interstate Remedy Co., 142 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and we will gladly send you, absolutely free, a trial treatment with full directions as to its use.

NOTE The above is indeed a fair and liberal offer, as the doctors connected with the Interstate Remedy Co. are all skilled and experienced specialists.

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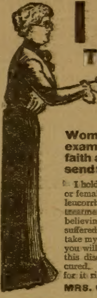

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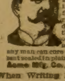

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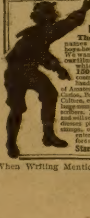

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Killing a Cheetah.

Ceylon planters while hunting elk with hounds had an adventure which one of them relates as follows in a Colombo newspaper: "We found the hounds baying round a big tree, but nothing apparently to bay at. Macdonald said, 'It must be a cat got into the root of the tree.' Just then his dog boy, 'Cooney,' pointed up into the tree and said 'peely' (cheetah or leopard). Sure enough, there in the fork of the tree was a large leopard. Macdonald said, 'Call the dogs off; we have no guns, and he will be down directly.' We managed to get the hounds a short distance away, when the cheetah came down with a bound and was off into the jungle and all the pack after him. It was no use trying to stop them. He first went up the jungle a short distance, then turned down the stream. Just at this time Bethune and Liddell had come up and joined us, and the former had a pig spear. He got it caught in the jungle, and, as he was just in front of me, I could not get by him for a minute. Then I heard a 'whoo-whoop' and found Macdonald with the cheetah in its last dying struggle at his feet. He had stuck it with his knife.

"He said, 'I am proud of my dogs; they have done it all.' He had three Scotch deerhounds, which he had had sent out from home by his brother. They were the last of a breed. When he came up he said, 'These dogs had the cheetah fast by the throat.' Two of them were badly torn—Banshee and Pustha. Oscar was badly scratched. But, as the cheetah lay dying, he ran in again and caught him by the throat, and the dying cheetah gave him what seemed only a pat on the head, but it knocked him senseless for a moment into the stream. He was able to walk home, but went off his head that night and died a day or two afterward at Dunbar.

"Though the others recovered temporarily, they were always breaking out in big sores, and both died a month or two afterward. The cheetah was a big fellow and when skinned we could see its powerful muscles."

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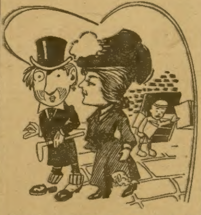

Harold—Percy Sapp just said he had a train of thought.

Edna—H'm! It must have been on a narrow-gage.

Where Tom O'Brien Died.

When "Tom" O'Brien, ex-Chicagoan and ex-"gold-brick" king, died in New Caledonia he was a very long way from home. New Caledonia is in the tropics, far down in the Pacific. The nearest land of size is Australia, which is 900 miles distant. New Caledonia is known throughout the world as a great penal colony. France has used it for storage purposes of this kind since 1864 and especially since the fall of the Paris commune, after which it was made the place of exile of thousands of Frenchmen who were involved in the storms of that time. Since then this Melanasian land has become the jail of thousands of others condemned by the laws of their country. The greater part of the white inhabitants therefore are interesting, but not socially select. The island itself is described by George Griffith, an English traveler, as a paradise. The climate is delightful, the mountainous scenery most beautiful.

New Caledonia's soil is fertile and its mountains full of treasures. According to Mr. Griffith, "when nature made New Caledonia she set herself to dump down as many ores and minerals in as small a space as possible. There is hardly a mineral known to science that is not represented in greater or less quantities in that island. A mining expert once went over from Australia to make a survey for the International Copper Company and afterward he made his report in person to the board in London. He knew as much about mining as anybody in the southern hemisphere, but his language was that of the bush. A noble lord asked him if he could give any estimate of the amount of copper, nickel, cobalt, iron, silver, gold and so on that might be found in the central chain of mountains. This was his answer: 'My lord, if you were to take out all the —— minerals of these mountains the —— island would —— well fall to pieces.' The report was taken as satisfactory."

Until 1853 New Caledonia was a sort of no-man's land. Then both England and France decided to annex it and orders came to two warships to proceed hither at once. They started the same day. The English captain had heard of the reefs that surround the island and he was cautious. The Frenchman went ahead without regard for the reefs. When the British captain arrived he saw the tricolor flying from a hill and he was invited to come in and lunch on French soil.

Long Chase.

An attendant in one of the branches of the New York public library noticed that a little negro boy who came frequently to the library invariably went to the same shelf and took the same book, which he seemed to enjoy immensely. Curious to know the name of the book, she followed him to the shelf, where she found him looking at a picture of an old darkey being chased by a bull. A wide grin stretched from side to side of the little fellow's face.

"What's the joke?" asked the surprised attendant.

"Golly! he ain't ketched 'im yet!" replied the delighted child.

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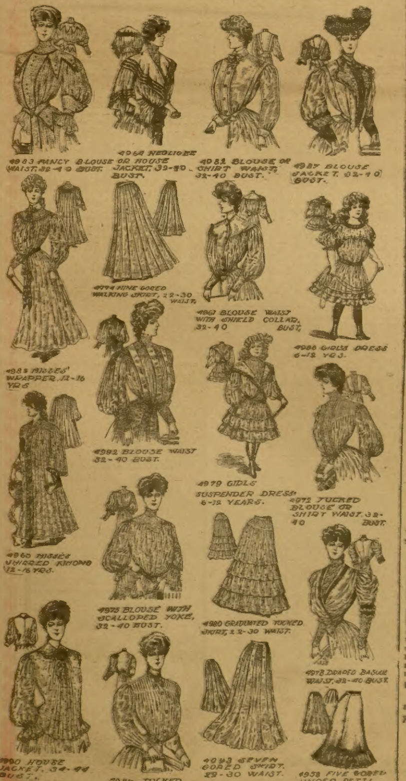
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4964 NEGLIGEE OR HOUSE JACKET, 32-40 BUST.
4982 BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST, 32-40 BUST.
4987 BLOUSE JACKET, 32-40 BUST.
4774 NINE GORED WALKING SKIRT, 22-30 WAIST.
4961 BLOUSE WAIST WITH SHIELD COLLAR, 32-40 BUST.
4988 GIRLS' DRESS 6-12 YRS.
4985 MISSES' WRAPPER, 12-16 YRS
4992 BLOUSE WAIST 32-40 BUST.
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4960 MISSES SHIRRED KIMONO 12-16 YRS.
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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

BEING HAPPY.

Just being happy
  Is a fine thing to do—
Looking on the bright side
  Rather than the blue.
Sad or sunny musing
  Is largely in the choosing.
And just being happy
  Is brave work and true.

Just being happy
  Helps other souls along;
Their burdens may be heavy,
  And they not strong.
And your own sky will lighten
  If other skies you brighten
By just being happy,
  With a heart full of song.

Killing an Elephant.

An old planter of Ceylon thus describes an elephant hunt on his plantation: "About 8 o'clock one morning I was in the bungalow finishing off some accounts when Sidney Fuller of the Roads turned up on his way to Dickoya. While we were talking we heard a great uproar among a lot of coolies who were working on the flat by the river and looking out saw the coolies running about and an elephant going through them. He had come through the river from the jungle on the opposite side, which, I think, is now Abergeldie. The elephant went straight up through the coffee to the ridge above. We followed him up and found he had got into a new clearing of mine, felled but not burnt off; he was making his way slowly through the jungle beyond and we followed after him, clambering over the felled timber.

"When we got about fifty yards from him he heard us, wheeled round, charged toward us a little way and stopped. I tried to get nearer to him, when he charged again and I let drive at him, but he was too far off for the bullet to have much effect. He then rushed out of the clearing back into my coffee. When we got out after hot scramble over the felling into the upper road he was going along almost parallel on a lower road and then turned up a ravine which would bring him across the road we were on. I had one or two shots at his ear, but he was at first sixty or seventy yards off. He bled from his ear and from the end of his trunk.

"Just as he was getting nearer I had another shot and he came down on his knees for a moment, then got up and slowly made his way past us to the jungle and I was unable to stop him, as the rifle was jammed —I could not get the bolt to move. He went slowly into the jungle, tumbled down once or twice, and was bleeding from some wounds in his head and from the end of his trunk. The dead elephant was found at the edge of the jungle on the other side of the ridge."

DOROTHY WONDERS.

I wonder what you think, dolly
  I wonder what you think,
When you stare out through the window
  And never even blink.

I wonder if you wonder
  Why, you're different from me;
I wonder do you ever wish
  A human girl to be.

Some ways it's better, dolly,
  To be a doll like you,
Because you have no lessons
  Or other things to do.

But then in other ways, dear,
  I'd rather be like me,
For I can run and play, dear,
  And grow up, don't you see!

Vast Travels of Driftwood.

All Arctic travelers have spoken with surprise of the vast quantities of driftwood that are to be found in the Polar seas.

Recently a Swedish botanist went to the Polar region for the sole purpose of studying this, and he found that most of the wood in the icy seas comes from the forests of Siberia, and its drift seems to show that there is a current that apparently is an arm of the Gulf Stream, which flows along the Actic shores of Siberia. However, he found woods from nearly all the rest of the world.

There were woods from trees from the West Indies, plenty of timber from the forests of the United States, and some that came even from Hawaii and as far away as the coast of Lower California and the Pacific Coast of Mexico.

The Paper Duel.

Two boys are placed back to back with balls made of soft paper in their hands. Two other boys are their seconds, to pick up the balls. They walk away from each other about eight feet, turn round and throw the balls at each other until one is hit. The seconds pick up the balls whenever they fall and replace the duelists.

DADDY AND ME.

My dad he often looks at me
And says how very glad he'd be
If he could only be a boy.
I guess that it's so long ago
Since he was one, he doesn't know
That being boys ain't so much joy.

Now you just bet, I'd be real glad
To be grown up as big as dad,
And have a beard and never do
A thing unless I just wanted to.

It's "Johnny, wipe your feet!" and "Say,
You do those errands right away!"
And "Johnny, are your lessons done?"
And "John, now run to bed, my son."

I don't wish daddy any harm,
But I would almost give a farm
If he could be a boy and see
The trouble that he gives to me.

Skin Boats Still Used.

Babylonian and Egyptian sculptures show goat and cow skins, roughly made into boat shape, and used for river craft. It is likely that this is the oldest and most primitive form of vessel in the world, and that it came into use as soon as man had advanced beyond the stage of ferrying himself across waterways on tree trunks.

In King Solomon's day the rivers Euphrates and Tigris were navigated almost entirely by means of such craft.

Old as this form of water transportation is, it has not disappeared by any means. Bible land still is full of inland sailors who paddle skin boats that are not a bit different from those that were used in the time of the Jewish kings. The river front of Bagdad today harbors great fleets of exactly the same kind of skin and rattan boats that used to ply there in the days of Haroun Al Raschid.

Even in Europe there are races that still use boats made of skins. These races live in Albania and other parts of the Balkan Peninsula. The natives tie three or more goat skins together and stiffen the structure with a thin framework of rattan and tough grasses.

Most of the boats are so small and weak that the passengers must lie flat on them, while the boatman buoys himself with a goat skin and swims along behind to shove the boat on. These boats look very funny, for the natives leave the heads and tails of the goats on the skins.

Not in Her Class.

The eagles were holding a convention—or it might have been merely a caucus—on the rocky crest of a lofty hill.

Proud, regal birds they were, piercing of eye, sharp of beak, and strong of claw, and all the timid creatures of the air retreated to a safe distance and watched them with awe.

Presently, however, a wandering turkey buzzard, attracted by curiosity, ventured to join them.

They eyed her scornfully—even threateningly.

"What are you doing here?" they said. "This is a gathering of eagles. You are a vulture, and are not in our class."

"You are right," replied the turkey buzzard. "I am of some use in the world, while you are thieves, robbers, and murderers, and not worth a continental except for show. Good-by, and be hanged to you!"

Thereupon she turned her back upon them and flew away.

Which shows, dear children, that there are two kinds of aristocracy, and that a lofty style isn't everything.

Shooting a Butterfly.

In the British museum is a rare butterfly, which was obtained in a most unusual way. Probably no other butterfly in any collection in the world was taken in the same manner.

On the steamship bound to Sydney, New South Wales, several men were amusing themselves by shooting at a mark with a revolver. Just as one man was about to shoot, he noticed a remarkably large butterfly fluttering toward the ship. When it hovered above the deck he fired and actually managed to hit it.

The insect fell to the deck, considerably mangled. The creature was so beautiful, even in its mutilated condition, that the pieces were carefully collected and finally they reached a British entomologist, who found that it was a specimen of an entirely new species, never before seen by the scientific world.

One Thing to Do.

Country Doctor (catechising)—Now, little boy, what must we do to enter Heaven?

Boy—Die.

Country Doctor—Quite right. But what must we do before we die?

Boy—Get sick and send for you.

Geese in Boots.

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